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VERSES & FLY LEAVES

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MDCCCCI

VERSES AND FLY LEAVES.

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VISIONS.

"She was a phantom," &c

IN lone Glenartney's thickets lies couched the lordly stag,
The dreaming terrier's tail forgets its customary wag;
And plodding ploughmen's weary steps insensibly grow quicker,
As broadening casements light them on toward home, or home-brewed liquor.

It is in brief the evening—that pure and pleasant time,
When stars break into splendour, and poets into rhyme;

When in the glass of Memory the forms of loved
ones shine—
And when, of course, Miss Goodchild's is prominent
in mine.

Miss Goodchild!—Julia Goodchild!—how graciously
you smiled
Upon my childish passion once, yourself a fair-haired
child:
When I was (no doubt) profiting by Dr. Crabb's
instruction,
And sent those streaky lollipops home for your
fairy suction!

"She wore" her natural "roses, the night when
first we met"—
Her golden hair was gleaming 'neath the coercive
net:
"Her brow was like the snawdrift," her step was
like Queen Mab's,
And gone was instantly the heart of every boy at
Crabb's.

The parlour boarder chasséed tow'rds her on graceful
limb;
The onyx deck'd his bosom—but her smiles were
not for him:
With *me* she danced—till drowsily her eyes "began
to blink,"
And *I* brought raisin wine, and said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"

And evermore, when winter comes in his garb of
snows,
And the returning schoolboy is told how fast he
grows;
Shall I—with that soft hand in mine—enact ideal
Lancers,
And dream I hear demure remarks, and make
impassioned answers:—

I know that never, never may her love for me
return—
At night I muse upon the fact with undisguised
concern—

But ever shall I bless that day: I don't bless, as a rule,
The days I spent at "Dr. Crabb's Preparatory School."

And yet we two *may* meet again—(Be still, my throbbing heart!)
Now rolling years have weaned us from jam and raspberry-tart.
One night I saw a vision—'Twas when musk-roses bloom,
I stood—*we* stood—upon a rug, in a sumptuous dining-room:

One hand clasped hers—one easily reposed upon my hip—
And "Bless ye!" burst abruptly from Mr. Goodchild's lip:
I raised my brimming eye, and saw in hers an answering gleam—
My heart beat wildly—and I woke, and lo! it was a dream.

GEMINI AND VIRGO.

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.

I love to gaze upon a child;
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless, as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum:

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:

And, if you asked of him to say
What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
Of the authorities: and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
Needing a somebody to care for:

And three fair summers did we twain
Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
Till our young skins became as leather:

And carved our names on every desk,
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do;
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;

And all the general truths, that cakes
Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
Resulted if we ate too many.

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion;
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was, to us both, a passion.

Old Poser snorted like a horse:
  His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse:—
  But Miss P. was an angel simply.

She was a blushing, gushing thing;
  All—more than all—my fancy painted;
Once—when she helped me to a wing
  Of goose—I thought I should have fainted.

The people said that she was blue:
  But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty-two;
  And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do;
  (None ever did that I've heard tell of;)
My passion was a byword through
  The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet—as to the toilworn man
  The far-off sound of rippling river;
As to cadets in Hindostan
  The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was ANNA; dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us:

And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand;
There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we "planted" blows on blows:
We fought as long as we were able:
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife.
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

* * * * *

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love Another's:
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only: that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker;

Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, oh Thomas!

And whereso'er we meet again,
On this or that side the equator,

If I've not turned teetotaller then,
And have wherewith to pay the waiter,

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
Ignite with thee the mild Havannah;
And we will waft, while liquoring up,
Forgiveness to the heartless ANNA.

"There stands a city."

INGOLDSBY.

YEAR by year do Beauty's daughters,
In the sweetest gloves and shawls,
Troop to taste the Chattenham waters,
And adorn the Chattenham balls.

"*Nulla non donanda lauru,*"
Is that city: you could not,
Placing England's map before you,
Light on a more favour'd spot.

If no clear translucent river
Winds 'neath willow-shaded paths,
"Children and adults" may shiver
All day in "Chalybeate baths":

And on every side the painter
Looks on wooded vale and plain
And on fair hills, faint and fainter
Outlined as they near the main.

There I met with him, my chosen
Friend—the "long" but not "stern swell,"[1]
Faultless in his hats and hosen,
Whom the Johnian lawns know well:—

Oh my comrade, ever valued!
Still I see your festive face;
Hear you humming of "the gal you'd
Left behind" in massive bass:

See you sit with that composure
On the eeliest of hacks,
That the novice would suppose your
Manly limbs encased in wax:

[1] "The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close."—MACAULAY.

Or anon, when evening lent her
Tranquil light to hill and vale,
Urge, towards the table's centre,
With unerring hand, the squail.

Ah delectablest of summers!
How my heart—that "muffled drum"
Which ignores the aid of drummers—
Beats, as back thy memories come!

O among the dancers peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye!
Need I say to you that cheerless
Must my days be till I die?

At my side she mashed the fragrant
Strawberry; lashes soft as silk
Drooped o'er saddened eyes, when vagrant
Gnats sought watery graves in milk:

Then we danced, we walked together;
Talked—no doubt on trivial topics;
Such as Blondin, or the weather,
Which "recalled us to the tropics."

But—O in the deuxtemps peerless,
Fleet of foot, and soft of eye!—
Once more I repeat, that cheerless
Shall my days be till I die.

And the lean and hungry raven,
As he picks my bones, will start
To observe "M. N." engraven
Neatly on my blighted heart.

STRIKING.

IT was a railway passenger,
And he lept out jauntilie.
"Now up and bear, thou stout portèr,
My two chattèls to me.

"Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown:
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town:)

"And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the Terminus, Euston Square."

"Now,—so to thee the saints alway,
Good gentleman, give luck,—
As never a cab may I find this day,
For the cabman wights have struck :
And now, I wis, at the Red Post Inn,
Or else at the Dog and Duck,
Or at Unicorn Blue, or at Green Griffin,
The nut-brown ale and the fine old gin
Right pleasantly they do suck."

"Now rede me aright, thou stout portèr,
What were it best that I should do :
For woe is me, an' I reach not there
Or ever the clock strike two."

"I have a son, a lytel son ;
Fleet is his foot as the wild roebuck's :
Give him a shilling, and eke a brown,
And he shall carry thy fardels down
To Euston, or half over London town,
On one of the station trucks."

Then forth in a hurry did they twain fare,
The gent, and the son of the stout portèr,

Who fled like an arrow, nor turned a hair,
Through all the mire and muck :
'A ticket, a ticket, sir clerk, I pray :
For by two of the clock must I needs away."
"That may hardly be," the clerk did say,
"For indeed—the clocks have struck."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"The tender Grace of a day that is dead."

THE dew is on the roses,
The owl hath spread her wing;
And vocal are the noses
Of peasant and of king:
"Nature" in short "reposes";
But I do no such thing.

Pent in my lonesome study
Here I must sit and muse;
Sit till the morn grows ruddy,
Till, rising with the dews,
"Jeameses" remove the muddy
Spots from their masters' shoes.

Yet are sweet faces flinging
Their witchery o'er me here :
I hear sweet voices singing
A song as soft, as clear,
As (previously to stinging)
A gnat sings round one's ear.

Does Grace draw young Apollos
In blue mustachios still ?
Does Emma tell the swallows
How she will pipe and trill,
When, some fine day, she follows
Those birds to the window-sill ?

And oh ! has Albert faded
From Grace's memory yet ?
Albert, whose " brow was shaded
By locks of glossiest jet,"
Whom almost any lady'd
Have given her eyes to get ?

Does not her conscience smite her
For one who hourly pines,

Thinking her bright eyes brighter
Than any star that shines—
I mean of course the writer
Of these pathetic lines?

Who knows? As quoth Sir Walter,
"Time rolls his ceaseless course:
"The Grace of yore" may alter—
And then, I've one resource:
I'll invest in a bran-new halter,
And I'll perish without remorse.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were:)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew—
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"

And the hour suggests eloping—
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction
Rarely realised, if ever,
In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet—
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poisoned cup:
Tell me I may tell the chymist
Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
This my breast; and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

A, B, C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen:
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen:
C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards:
D is the Deuxtemps, with Frank of the Guards:
E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely:
F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely:
G is the Glove of superlative kid:
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid:
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded:
J is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed:
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:
L is the Lace which composed the chief part:
M is the old Maid who watch'd the chits dance:
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance:
O is the Olga (just then in its prime):

P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:
Q 's a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers:
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers:
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs:
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs:
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin':"
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in:
W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight:
X is his Exit, not rigidly straight:
Y is a Yawning fit caused by the Ball:
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

TO MRS. GOODCHILD.

THE night-wind's shriek is pitiless and hollow,
The boding bat flits by on sullen wing,
And I sit desolate, like that "one swallow"
Who found (with horror) that he'd not brought spring:
Lonely as he who erst with venturous thumb
Drew from its pie-y lair the solitary plum.

And to my gaze the phantoms of the Past,
The cherished fictions of my boyhood, rise:
I see Red Ridinghood observe, aghast,
The fixed expression of her grandam's eyes;
I hear the fiendish chattering and chuckling
Which those misguided fowls raised at the Ugly Duckling.

The House that Jack built—and the Malt that lay
Within the House—the Rat that ate the Malt—
The Cat, that in that sanguinary way
Punished the poor thing for its venial fault—
The Worrier-Dog — the Cow with crumpled horn—
And then—ah yes! and then—the Maiden all forlorn!

O Mrs. Gurton—(may I call thee Gammer?)
Thou more than mother to my infant mind!
I loved thee better than I loved my grammar—
I used to wonder why the Mice were blind,
And who was gardener to Mistress Mary,
And what—I don't know still—was meant by "quite contrary."

"Tota contraria," an "*Arundo Cami*"
Has phrased it—which is possibly explicit,
Ingenious certainly—but all the same I
Still ask, when coming on the word, "What is it?"

There were more things in Mrs. Gurton's eye,
Mayhap, than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

No doubt the Editor of "Notes and Queries"
Or "Things not generally known" could tell
The word's real force—my only lurking fear is
That the great Gammer "didna ken hersel":
(I've precedent, yet feel I owe apology
For passing in this way to Scottish phraseology).

Also, dear Madam, I must ask your pardon
For making this unwarranted digression,
Starting (I think) from Mistress Mary's garden:—
And beg to send, with every expression
Of personal esteem, a Book of Rhymes,
For Master G. to read at miscellaneous times.

There is a youth, who keeps a "crumpled Horn,"
(Living next me, upon the selfsame story,)
And ever, 'twixt the midnight and the morn,
He solaces his soul with Annie Laurie.
The tune is good; the habit p'raps romantic;
But tending, if pursued, to drive one's neighbours frantic.

And now,—at this unprecedented hour,
When the young Dawn is "trampling out the stars,"—
I hear that youth—with more than usual power
And pathos—struggling with the first few bars.
And I do think the amateur cornopean
Should be put down by law—but that's perhaps Utopian.

Who knows what "things unknown" I might have "bodied
Forth," if not checked by that absurd Too-too?
But don't I know that when my friend has plodded
Through the first verse, the second will ensue?
Considering which, dear Madam, I will merely
Send the beforenamed book—and am yours most sincerely.

ODE—"ON A DISTANT PROSPECT" OF MAKING A FORTUNE.

NOW the "rosy morn appearing"
Floods with light the dazzled heaven;
And the schoolboy groans on hearing
That eternal clock strike seven:—
Now the waggoner is driving
Tow'rds the fields his clattering wain;
Now the blue-bottle, reviving,
Buzzes down his native pane.

But to me the morn is hateful:
Wearily I stretch my legs,
Dress, and settle to my plateful
Of (perhaps inferior) eggs.

Yesterday Miss Crump, by message,
Mentioned "rent," which "p'raps I'd pay;"
And I have a dismal presage
That she'll call, herself, to-day.

Once, I breakfasted off rosewood,
Smoked through silver-mounted pipes—
Then how my patrician nose would
Turn up at the thought of "swipes"!
Ale,—occasionally claret,—
Graced my luncheon then;—and now
I drink porter in a garret,
To be paid for heaven knows how.

When the evening shades are deepened,
And I doff my hat and gloves,
No sweet bird is there to "cheep and
Twitter twenty million loves;"
No dark-ringleted canaries
Sing to me of "hungry foam;"
No imaginary "Marys"
Call fictitious "cattle home."

Araminta, sweetest, fairest !
Solace once of every ill !
How I wonder if thou bearest
Mivins in remembrance still !
If that Friday night is banished
From a once retentive mind,
When the others somehow vanished,
And we two were left behind :—

When in accents low, yet thrilling,
I did all my love declare ;
Mentioned that I'd not a shilling—
Hinted that we need not care ;
And complacently you listened
To my somewhat long address,
And I thought the tear that glistened
In the downdropt eye said Yes.

Once, a happy child, I carolled
O'er green lawns the whole day through,
Not unpleasingly apparelled
In a tightish suit of blue :—

What a change has now passed o'er me!
Now with what dismay I see
Every rising morn before me!
Goodness gracious patience me!

And I'll prowl, a moodier Lara,
Thro' the world, as prowls the bat,
And habitually wear a
Cypress wreath around my hat:
And when Death snuffs out the taper
Of my Life, (as soon he must),
I'll send up to every paper,
"Died, T. Mivins; of disgust."

ISABEL.

NOW o'er the landscape crowd the deepening shades,
And the shut lily cradles not the bee;
The red deer couches in the forest glades,
And faint the echoes of the slumberous sea:
And ere I rest, one prayer I'll breathe for thee,
The sweet Egeria of my lonely dreams:
Lady, forgive, that ever upon me
Thoughts of thee linger, as the soft starbeams
Linger on Merlin's rock, or dark Sabrina's streams.

On gray Pilatus once we loved to stray,
And watch far off the glimmering roselight break
O'er the dim mountain-peaks, ere yet one ray
Pierced the deep bosom of the mist-clad lake.
Oh! who felt not new life within him wake,

And his pulse quicken, and his spirit burn—
(Save one we wot of, whom the cold *did* make
Feel "shooting pains in every joint in turn,")
When first he saw the sun gild thy green shores,
Lucerne?

And years have past, and I have gazed once more
On blue lakes glistening amid mountains blue;
And all seemed sadder, lovelier than before—
For all awakened memories of you.
Oh! had I had you by my side, in lieu
Of that red matron, whom the flies would worry,
(Flies in those parts unfortunately do,)
Who walked so slowly, talked in such a hurry,
And with such wild contempt for stops and Lindley
Murray!

O Isabel, the brightest, heavenliest theme
That ere drew dreamer on to poësy,
Since "Peggy's locks" made Burns neglect his
team,
And Stella's smile lured Johnson from his tea—
I may not tell thee what thou art to me!

But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near,"
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-rooms, and beer.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

DARKNESS succeeds to twilight:
Through lattice and through skylight,
The stars no doubt, if one looked out,
Might be observed to shine:
And sitting by the embers
I elevate my members
On a stray chair, and then and there
Commence a Valentine.

Yea! by St. Valentinus,
Emma shall not be minus
What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is,
Expect to-day no doubt:

Emma the fair, the stately—
Whom I beheld so lately,
Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath
Which told that she was "out."

Wherefore fly to her, swallow,
And mention that I'd "follow,"
And "pipe and trill," et cetera, till
I died, had I but wings:
Say the North's "true and tender,"
The South an old offender;
And hint in fact, with your well-known tact,
All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abhor my dinner—
Tho' I do try and absorb some viand
Each day, for form's sake merely:
And ask her, when all's ended,
And I am found extended,
With vest blood-spotted and cut carotid,
To think on Her's sincerely.

"HIC *VIR*, HIC EST."

OFTEN, when o'er tree and turret,
Eve a dying radiance flings,
By that ancient pile I linger
Known familiarly as "King's."
And the ghosts of days departed
Rise, and in my burning breast
All the undergraduate wakens,
And my spirit is at rest.

What, but a revolting fiction,
Seems the actual result
Of the Census's enquiries
Made upon the 15th ult. ?
Still my soul is in its boyhood ;
Nor of year or changes recks,
Though my scalp is almost hairless,
And my figure grows convex.

Backward moves the kindly dial;
And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species
Called emphatically "Men:"
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
Through the streets, with tranquil mind,
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
Trailing casually behind:

Past the Senate-house I saunter,
Whistling with an easy grace;
Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet
Still the beefy market-place;
Poising evermore the eye-glass
In the light sarcastic eye,
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Thro' these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don:

Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers;
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
And colossal prints of Roe;
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
Artfully thro' King's Parade;
Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
Amaryllis in the shade:
Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard;
Or (more curious sport than that)
Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
Ground, indifferent to blisters,
While the Buttress of the period
Bowled me his peculiar twisters:
Sung "We won't go home till morning;"
Striven to part my backhair straight;
Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
Old dry wines at 78/:—

When within my veins the blood ran,
And the curls were on my brow,
I did, oh ye undergraduates,
Much as ye are doing now.
Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones:—
Now unto mine inn must I,
Your "poor moralist,"[1] betake me,
In my "solitary fly."

[1] "Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly." GRAY.

BEER.

IN those old days which poets say were golden—
(Perhaps they laid the gilding on themselves:
And, if they did, I'm all the more beholden
To those brown dwellers in my dusty shelves,
Who talk to me "in language quaint and olden"
Of gods and demigods and fauns and elves,
Pan with his pipes, and Bacchus with his leopards,
And staid young goddesses who flirt with shepherds:)

In those old days, the Nymph called Etiquette
(Appalling thought to dwell on) was not born.
They had their May, but no Mayfair as yet,
No fashions varying as the hues of morn.
Just as they pleased they dressed and drank and ate,
Sang hymns to Ceres (their John Barleycorn)
And danced unchaperoned, and laughed unchecked,
And were no doubt extremely incorrect.

Yet do I think their theory was pleasant:
And oft, I own, my "wayward fancy roams"
Back to those times, so different from the present;
When no one smoked cigars, nor gave At-homes,
Nor smote a billiard-ball, nor winged a pheasant,
Nor "did" her hair by means of long-tailed combs,
Nor migrated to Brighton once a year,
Nor—most astonishing of all—drank Beer.

No, they did not drink Beer, "which brings me to"
(As Gilpin said) "the middle of my song."
Not that "the middle" is precisely true,
Or else I should not tax your patience long:
If I had said "beginning," it might do;
But I have a dislike to quoting wrong:
I was unlucky—sinned against, not sinning—
When Cowper wrote down "middle" for "beginning."

So to proceed. That abstinence from Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Greek mind must have had some vital fault,
That they should stick to liquors so injurious—

(Wine, water, tempered p'raps with Attic salt)—
And not at once invent that mild, luxurious,
And artful beverage, Beer. How the digestion
Got on without it, is a startling question.

Had they digestions? and an actual body
Such as dyspepsia might make attacks on?
Were they abstract ideas—(like Tom Noddy
And Mr. Briggs)—or men, like Jones and Jackson?
Then nectar—was that beer, or whisky-toddy?
Some say the Gaelic mixture, *I* the Saxon:
I think a strict adherence to the latter
Might make some Scots less pigheaded, and fatter.

Besides, Bon Gaultier definitely shows
That the real beverage for feasting gods on
Is a soft compound, grateful to the nose
And also to the palate, known as "Hodgson."
I know a man—a tailor's son—who rose
To be a peer: and this I would lay odds on,
(Though in his Memoirs it may not appear,)
That that man owed his rise to copious Beer.

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!
Shall days and months and years and centuries pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung?
Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece, and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

How would he now recant that wild opinion,
And sing—as would that I could sing—of you!
I was not born (alas!) the "Muses' minion,"
I'm not poetical, not even blue:
And he, we know, but strives with waxen pinion,
Whoe'er he is that entertains the view
Of emulating Pindar, and will be
Sponsor at last to some now nameless sea.

Oh! when the green slopes of Arcadia burned
With all the lustre of the dying day,
And on Cithæron's brow the reaper turned,
(Humming, of course, in his delightful way,

How Lycidas was dead, and how concerned
The Nymphs were when they saw his lifeless clay;
And how rock told to rock the dreadful story
That poor young Lycidas was gone to glory:)

What would that lone and labouring soul have given,
At that soft moment for a pewter pot!
How had the mists that dimmed his eye been riven,
And Lycidas and sorrow all forgot!
If his own grandmother had died unshriven,
In two short seconds he'd have recked it not;
Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief hath canker'd
Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa;
Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen:
When "Dulce est desipere in loco"
Was written, real Falernian winged the pen.
When a rapt audience has encored "Fra Poco"
Or "Casta Diva," I have heard that then

The Prima Donna, smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

But what is coffee, but a noxious berry,
Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry,
But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache?
Nay stout itself—(though good with oysters, very)—
Is not a thing your reading man should take.
He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsopp in its "native pewter."

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen:
But on one statement I may safely venture:
That few of our most highly gifted men
Have more appreciation of the trencher.
I go. One pound of British beef, and then
What Mr. Swiveller called a "modest quencher":
That home-returning, I may "soothly say,"
"Fate cannot touch me: I have dined to-day."

ODE TO TOBACCO.

THOU who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is gray:
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—

Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;

Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken ?
We're not as tabbies are :
Smith, take a fresh cigar !
Jones, the tobacco-jar !
Here's to thee, Bacon !

DOVER TO MUNICH.

FAREWELL, farewell! Before our prow
Leaps in white foam the noisy channel;
A tourist's cap is on my brow,
My legs are cased in tourist's flannel:

Around me gasp the invalids—
The quantity to-night is fearful—
I take a brace or so of weeds,
And feel (as yet) extremely cheerful.

The night wears on:—my thirst I quench
With one imperial pint of porter;
Then drop upon a casual bench—
(The bench is short, but I am shorter)—

Place 'neath my head the *havre-sac*
Which I have stowed my little all in,
And sleep, though moist about the back,
Serenely in an old tarpaulin.

Bed at Ostend at 5 A.M.
Breakfast at 6, and train 6·30,
Tickets to Königswinter (mem.
The seats unutterably dirty).

And onward thro' those dreary flats
We move, with scanty space to sit on,
Flanked by stout girls with steeple hats,
And waists that paralyse a Briton;—

By many a tidy little town,
Where tidy little Fraus sit knitting;
(The men's pursuits are, lying down,
Smoking perennial pipes, and spitting;)

And doze, and execrate the heat,
And wonder how far off Cologne is,
And if we shall get aught to eat,
Till we get there, save raw polonies:

Until at last the "gray old pile"
Is seen, is past, and three hours later
We're ordering steaks, and talking vile
Mock-German to an Austrian waiter.

Königswinter, hateful Königswinter!
Burying-place of all I loved so well!
Never did the most extensive printer
Print a tale so dark as thou could'st tell!

In the sapphire West the eve yet lingered,
Bathed in kindly light those hill-tops cold;
Fringed each cloud, and, stooping rosy-fingered,
Changed Rhine's waters into molten gold;—

While still nearer did his light waves splinter
Into silvery shafts the streaming light;
And I said I loved thee, Königswinter,
For the glory that was thine that night.

And we gazed, till slowly disappearing,
Like a day-dream, passed the pageant by,
And I saw but those lone hills, uprearing
Dull dark shapes against a hueless sky.

Then I turned, and on those bright hopes pondered
Whereof yon gay fancies were the type;
And my hand mechanically wandered
Towards my left-hand pocket for a pipe.

Ah! why starts each eyeball from its socket,
As, in Hamlet, start the guilty Queen's?
There, deep-hid in its accustomed pocket,
Lay my sole pipe, smashed to smithereens!

On, on the vessel steals;
Round go the paddle-wheels,
And now the tourist feels
As he should;
For king-like rolls the Rhine,
And the scenery's divine,
And the victuals and the wine
Rather good.

From every crag we pass 'll
Rise up some hoar old castle;
The hanging fir-groves tassel
Every slope;

And the vine her lithe arm stretches
Over peasants singing catches—
And you'll make no end of sketches
I should hope.

We've a nun here (called Therèse),
Two couriers out of place,
One Yankee with a face
Like a ferret's:
And three youths in scarlet caps
Drinking chocolate and schnapps—
A diet which perhaps
Has its merits.

And day again declines:
In shadow sleep the vines,
And the last ray thro' the pines
Feebly glows,
Then sinks behind yon ridge;
And the usual evening midge
Is settling on the bridge
Of my nose.

And keen 's the air and cold,
And the sheep are in the fold,
And Night walks sablé-stoled
Thro' the trees;
And on the silent river
The floating starbeams quiver;—
And now, the saints deliver
Us from fleas.

Avenues of broad white houses,
Basking in the noontide glare;—
Streets, which foot of traveller shrinks from,
As on hot plates shrinks the bear;—

Elsewhere lawns, and vista'd gardens,
Statues white, and cool arcades,
Where at eve the German warrior
Winks upon the German maids;—

Such is Munich:—broad and stately,
Rich of hue, and fair of form;
But, towards the end of August,
Unequivocally *warm*.

There, the long dim galleries threading,
May the artist's eye behold
Breathing from the "deathless canvass"
Records of the years of old:

Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno,
"Take" once more their "walks abroad,"
Under Titian's fiery woodlands
And the saffron skies of Claude:

There the Amazons of Rubens
Lift the failing arm to strike,
And the pale light falls in masses
On the horsemen of Vandyke;

And in Berghem's pools reflected
Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,
And Murillo's soft boy-faces
Laugh amid the Seville grapes;

And all purest, loveliest fancies
That in poets' souls may dwell
Started into shape and substance
At the touch of Raphael.

Lo! her wan arms folded meekly,
And the glory of her hair
Falling as a robe around her,
Kneels the Magdalen in prayer;

And the white-robed Virgin-mother
Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,
Half in gladness, half in wonder,
On the calm face of her Child:—

And that mighty Judgment-vision
Tells how man essayed to climb
Up the ladder of the ages,
Past the frontier-walls of Time;

Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
Thro' the phantom-peopled sky,
And the still voice bid this mortal
Put on immortality.

* * * *

Thence we turned, what time the blackbird
Pipes to vespers from his perch,
And from out the clattering city
Pass'd into the silent church;

Mark'd the shower of sunlight breaking
Thro' the crimson panes o'erhead,
And on pictured wall and window
Read the histories of the dead:

Till the kneelers round us, rising,
Crossed their foreheads and were gone;
And o'er aisle and arch and cornice,
Layer on layer, the night came on.

CHARADES.

I.

SHE stood at Greenwich, motionless amid
The ever-shifting crowd of passengers.
I mark'd a big tear quivering on the lid
Of her deep-lustrous eye, and knew that hers
Were days of bitterness. But, "Oh! what stirs,"
I said, "such storm within so fair a breast?"
Even as I spoke, two apoplectic curs
Came feebly up: with one wild cry she prest
Each singly to her heart, and faltered, "Heaven
be blest!"

Yet once again I saw her, from the deck
Of a black ship that steamed towards Blackwall.
She walked upon *my first*. Her stately neck
Bent o'er an object shrouded in her shawl:

I could not see the tears—the glad tears—fall,
Yet knew they fell. And "Ah," I said, "not puppies,
Seen unexpectedly, could lift the pall
From hearts who *know* what tasting misery's cup is
As Niobe's, or mine, or blighted William Guppy's"

Spake John Grogblossom the coachman to Eliza Spinks the cook:
"Mrs. Spinks," says he, "I've founder'd: 'Liza dear, I'm overtook.
Druv into a corner reglar, puzzled as a babe unborn;
Speak the word, my blessed 'Liza; speak, and John the coachman's yourn."

Then Eliza Spinks made answer, blushing, to the coachman John:
"John, I'm born and bred a spinster: I've begun and I'll go on.
Endless cares and endless worrits, well I knows it, has a wife:
Cooking for a genteel family, John, it's a goluptious life!

"I gets £20 per annum—tea and things o' course not reckoned,—
There's a cat that eats the butter, takes the coals, and breaks *my second:*
There's soci'ty—James the footman;—(not that I look after him;
But he's aff'ble in his manners, with amazing length of limb;)—

"Never durst the missis enter here until I've said 'Come in':
If I saw the master peeping, I'd catch up the rolling-pin.
Christmas-boxes, that's a something; perkisites, that's something too;
And I think, take all together, John, I won't be on with you."

John the coachman took his hat up, for he thought he'd had enough;
Rubb'd an elongated forehead with a meditative cuff;

Paused before the stable doorway; said, when there,
in accents mild,
"She's a fine young 'oman, cook is; but that's
where it is, she's spiled."

I have read in some not marvellous tale,
(Or if I have not, I've dreamed)
Of one who filled up the convivial cup
Till the company round him seemed

To be vanished and gone, tho' the lamps upon
Their face as aforetime gleamed:
And his head sunk down, and a Lethe crept
O'er his powerful brain, and the young man slept.

Then they laid him with care in his moonlit bed:
But first—having thoughtfully fetched some tar—
Adorn'd him with feathers, aware that the weather's
Uncertainty brings on at nights catarrh.

They staid in his room till the sun was high:
But still did the feathered one give no sign

Of opening a peeper—he might be a sleeper
Such as rests on the Northern or Midland line.

At last he woke, and with profound
Bewilderment he gazed around;
Dropped one, then both feet to the ground,
But never spake a word:

Then to *my whole* he made his way;
Took one long lingering survey;
And softly, as he stole away,
Remarked, "By Jove, a bird!"

II.

IF you've seen a short man swagger tow'rds the
footlights at Shoreditch,
Sing out "Heave aho! my hearties," and per-
petually hitch
Up, by an ingenious movement, trousers innocent
of brace,
Briskly flourishing a cudgel in his pleased com-
panion's face;

If he preluded with hornpipes each successive thing
he did,
From a sun-browned cheek extracting still an os-
tentatious quid;
And expectorated freely, and occasionally cursed:—
Then have you beheld, depicted by a master's hand,
my first.

O my countryman! if ever from thy arm the bolster sped,
In thy school-days, with precision at a young companion's head;
If 'twas thine to lodge the marble in the centre of the ring,
Or with well-directed pebble make the sitting hen take wing:

Then do thou—each fair May morning, when the blue lake is as glass,
And the gossamers are twinkling star-like in the beaded grass;
When the mountain-bee is sipping fragrance from the bluebell's lip,
And the bathing-woman tells you, "Now's your time to take a dip":

When along the misty valleys fieldward winds the lowing herd,
And the early worm is being dropped on by the early bird;

And Aurora hangs her jewels from the bending
rose's cup,
And the myriad voice of Nature calls thee to *my*
second up:—

Hie thee to the breezy common, where the melan-
choly goose
Stalks, and the astonished donkey finds that he is
really loose;
There amid green fern and furze-bush shalt thou
soon *my whole* behold,
Rising "bull-eyed and majestic"—as Olympus' queen
of old:

Kneel,—at a respectful distance,—as they kneeled
to her, and try
With judicious hand to put a ball into that ball-less
eye:
Till a stiffness seize thy elbows, and the general
public wake—
Then return, and, clear of conscience, walk into
thy well-earned steak.

III.

ERE yet "knowledge for the million"
Came out "neatly bound in boards";
When like Care upon a pillion
Matrons rode behind their lords:
Rarely, save to hear the Rector,
Forth did younger ladies roam;
Making pies, and brewing nectar
From the gooseberry-trees at home.

They'd not dreamed of Pau or Vevay;
Ne'er should into blossom burst
At the ball or at the levée;
Never come, in fact, *my first:*
Nor illumine cards by dozens
With some labyrinthine text,
Nor work smoking-caps for cousins
Who were pounding at *my next.*

Now have skirts, and minds, grown ampler;
Now not all they seek to do
Is create upon a sampler
Beasts which Buffon never knew:
But their venturous muslins rustle
O'er the cragstone and the snow,
Or at home their biceps muscle
Grows by practising the bow.

Worthy they those dames who, fable
Says, rode "palfreys" to the war
With some giant Thane, whose "sable
Destrier caracoled" before;
Smiled, as—springing from the war-horse
As men spring in modern "cirques"—
He plunged, ponderous as a four-horse
Coach, among the vanished Turks:—

In the good times when the jester
Asked the monarch how he was,
And the landlady addrest her
Guests as "gossip" or as "coz";

When the Templar said, " Gramercy,"
Or, " 'Twas shrewdly thrust, i' fegs,"
To Sir Halbert or Sir Percy
As they knocked him off his legs:

And, by way of mild reminders
That he needed coin, the Knight
Day by day extracted grinders
From the howling Israelite:
And *my whole* in merry Sherwood
Sent, with preterhuman luck,
Missiles—not of steel but firwood—
Thro' the two-mile-distant buck.

IV.

EVENING threw soberer hue
Over the blue sky, and the few
Poplars that grew just in the view
Of the hall of Sir Hugo de Wynkle:
"Answer me true," pleaded Sir Hugh,
(Striving some hardhearted maiden to woo,)
"What shall I do, Lady, for you?
'Twill be done, ere your eye may twinkle.
Shall I borrow the wand of a Moorish enchanter,
And bid a decanter contain the Levant, or
The brass from the face of a Mormonite ranter?
Shall I go for the mule of the Spanish Infantar—
(That *r*, for the sake of the line, we must grant her,)—
And race with the foul fiend, and beat in a canter,
Like that first of equestrians Tam o' Shanter?

I talk not mere banter—say not that I can't, or
By this *my first*—(a Virginia planter
Sold it me to kill rats)—I will die instanter."
The Lady bended her ivory neck, and
Whispered mournfully, "Go for—*my second*."
She said, and the red from Sir Hugh's cheek fled,
And "Nay," did he say, as he stalked away
The fiercest of injured men:
"Twice have I humbled my haughty soul,
And on bended knee have I pressed *my whole*—
But I never will press it again!"

V.

ON pinnacled St. Mary's
Lingers the setting sun;
Into the streets the blackguards
Are skulking one by one:
Butcher and Boots and Bargeman
Lay pipe and pewter down;
And with wild shout come tumbling out
To join the Town and Gown.

And now the undergraduates
Come forth by twos and threes,
From the broad tower of Trinity,
From the green gate of Caius:
The wily bargeman marks them,
And swears to do his worst;
To turn to impotence their strength,
And their beauty to *my first.*

But before Corpus gateway
My second first arose,
When Barnacles the Freshman
Was pinned upon the nose:
Pinned on the nose by Boxer,
Who brought a hobnailed herd
From Barnwell, where he kept a van,
Being indeed a dogsmeat man,
Vendor of terriers, blue or tan,
And dealer in *my third*.

'Twere long to tell how Boxer
Was "countered" on the cheek,
And knocked into the middle
Of the ensuing week:
How Barnacles the Freshman
Was asked his name and college;
And how he did the fatal facts
Reluctantly acknowledge.

He called upon the Proctor
Next day at half-past ten;
Men whispered that the Freshman cut
A different figure then:—

That the brass forsook his forehead,
The iron fled his soul,
As with blanched lip and visage wan
Before the stony-hearted Don
He kneeled upon *my whole*.

VI.

SIKES, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
Habitually swore;
But so surpassingly profane
He never was before,
As on a night in winter,
When—softly as he stole
In the dim light from stair to stair,
Noiseless as boys who in her lair
Seek to surprise a fat old hare—
He barked his shinbone, unaware
Encountering *my whole*.

As pours the Anio plainward,
When rains have swollen the dykes,

So, with such noise, poured down *my first*
Stirred by the shins of Sikes.
The Butler Bibulus heard it;
And straightway ceased to snore,
And sat up, like an egg on end,
While men might count a score:
Then spake he to Tigerius,
A Buttons bold was he:
"Buttons, I think there's thieves about;
Just strike a light and tumble out;
If you can't find one go without,
And see what you may see."

But now was all the household,
Almost, upon its legs,
Each treading carefully about
As if they trod on eggs.
With robe far-streaming issued
Paterfamilias forth;
And close behind him,—stout and true
And tender as the North,—
Came Mrs. P., supporting
On her broad arm her fourth.

Betsy the nurse, who never
From largest beetle ran,
And—conscious p'raps of pleasing caps—
The housemaids, formed the van:
And Bibulus the butler,
His calm brows slightly arched;
(No mortal wight had ere that night
Seen him with shirt unstarched;)
And Bob the shockhaired knifeboy,
Wielding two Sheffield blades,
And James Plush of the sinewy legs,
The love of lady's maids:
And charwoman and chaplain
Stood mingled in a mass,
And "Things," thought he of Houndsditch,
"Is come to a pretty pass."

Beyond all things a baby
Is to the schoolgirl dear;
Next to herself the nursemaid loves
Her dashing grenadier;
Only with life the sailor
Parts from the British flag;

While one hope lingers, the cracksman's fingers
Drop not his hard-earned swag.

But, as hares do *my second*
Thro' green Calabria's copses,
As females vanish at the sight
Of short-horns and of wopses;
So, dropping forks and teaspoons,
The pride of Houndsditch fled,
Dumbfoundered by the hue and cry
He'd raised up overhead.

* * * * *

They gave him—did the judges—
As much as was his due.
And, Saxon, shouldst thou e'er be led
To deem this tale untrue;
Then—any night in winter,
When the cold north wind blows,
And bairns are told to keep out cold
By tallowing the nose:
When round the fire the elders
Are gathered in a bunch,

And the girls are doing crochet,
And the boys are reading Punch :—
Go thou and look in Leech's book ;
There haply shalt thou spy
A stout man on a staircase stand,
With aspect anything but bland,
And rub his right shin with his hand,
To witness if I lie.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Introductory.

ART thou beautiful, O my daughter, as the budding rose of April?

Are all thy motions music, and is poetry throned in thine eye?

Then hearken unto me; and I will make the bud a fair flower,

I will plant it upon the bank of Elegance, and water it with the water of Cologne;

And in the season it shall "come out," yea bloom, the pride of the parterre;

Ladies shall marvel at its beauty, and a Lord shall pluck it at the last.

Of Propriety.

Study first Propriety: for she is indeed the Pole-star
Which shall guide the artless maiden through the mazes of Vanity Fair;
Nay, she is the golden chain which holdeth together Society;
The lamp by whose light young Psyche shall approach unblamed her Eros.
Verily Truth is as Eve, which was ashamed being naked;
Wherefore doth Propriety dress her with the fair foliage of artifice:
And when she is drest, behold! she knoweth not herself again.—
I walked in the Forest; and above me stood the Yew,
Stood like a slumbering giant, shrouded in impenetrable shade;
Then I pass'd into the citizen's garden, and marked a tree clipt into shape,

(The giant's locks had been shorn by the Dalilah-shears of Decorum;)

And I said, "Surely Nature is goodly; but how much goodlier is Art!"

I heard the wild notes of the lark floating far over the blue sky,

And my foolish heart went after him, and, lo! I blessed him as he rose;

Foolish! for far better is the trained boudoir bullfinch,

Which pipeth the semblance of a tune, and mechanically draweth up water:

And the reinless steed of the desert, though his neck be clothed with thunder,

Must yield to him that danceth and "moveth in the circles" at Astley's.

For verily, O my daughter, the world is a masquerade,

And God made thee one thing, that thou mightest make thyself another:

A maiden's heart is as champagne, ever aspiring and struggling upwards,

And it needed that its motions be checked by the silvered cork of Propriety:

He that can afford the price, his be the precious treasure,
Let him drink deeply of its sweetness, nor grumble if it tasteth of the cork.

Of Friendship.

Choose judiciously thy friends; for to discard them is undesirable,
Yet it is better to drop thy friends, O my daughter, than to drop thy H's.
Dost thou know a wise woman? yea, wiser than the children of light?
Hath she a position? and a title? and are her parties in the Morning Post?
If thou dost, cleave unto her, and give up unto her thy body and mind;
Think with her ideas, and distribute thy smiles at her bidding:
So shalt thou become like unto her; and thy manners shall be "formed,"

And thy name shall be a Sesame, at which the doors
of the great shall fly open:
Thou shalt know every Peer, his arms, and the date
of his creation,
His pedigree and their intermarriages, and cousins
to the sixth remove:
Thou shalt kiss the hand of Royalty, and lo! in
next morning's papers,
Side by side with rumours of wars, and stories of
shipwrecks and sieges,
Shall appear thy name, and the minutiæ of thy
head-dress and petticoat,
For an enraptured public to muse upon over their
matutinal muffin

Of Reading.

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor Shakespeare,
for he wrote of common life:
Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are
yet intelligible:

Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer
who flattereth not:
Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou
shouldest not dream, but do.
Read incessantly thy Burke; that Burke who, nobler
than he of old,
Treateth of the Peer and Peeress, the truly Sublime
and Beautiful:
Likewise study the "creations" of "the Prince of
modern Romance;"
Sigh over Leonard the Martyr, and smile on Pelham
the puppy:
Learn how "love is the dram-drinking of existence;"
And how we "invoke, in the Gadara of our still
closets,
The beautiful ghost of the Ideal, with the simple
wand of the pen."
Listen how Maltravers and the orphan "forgot all
but love,"
And how Devereux's family chaplain "made and
unmade kings:"
How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a
murderer,

Yet, being intellectual, was amongst the noblest of mankind.

So shalt thou live in a world peopled with heroes and master-spirits;

And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt at least idealize the Real.

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

MDCCCLIII.

"Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli."

ACRIS hyems jam venit: hyems genus omne perosa
Fœmineum, et senibus glacies non æqua rotundis:
Apparent rari stantes in tramite glauco;
Radit iter, cogitque nives, sua tela, juventus.
Trux matrona ruit, multos dominata per annos,
Digna indigna minans, glomeratque volumina crurum;
Parte senex alia, prærepto forte galero,
Per plateas bacchatur; eum chorus omnis agrestum
Ridet anhelantem frustra, et jam jamque tenentem
Quod petit; illud agunt venti prensumque resorbent.
Post, ubi compositus tandem votique potitus

Sedit humi; flet crura tuens nive candida lenta,
Et vestem laceram, et venturas conjugis iras:
Itque domum tendens duplices ad sidera palmas,
Corda miser, desiderio perfixa galeri.

At juvenis (sed cruda viro viridisque juventus)
Quærit bacciferas, tunica pendente,[1] tabernas:
Pervigil ecce Baco furva depromit ab arca
Splendidius quiddam solito, plenumque saporem
Laudat, et antiqua jurat de stirpe Jamaicæ.
O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi:
Manillas vocat; hoc prætexit nomine caules.

Te vero, cui forte dedit maturior ætas
Scire potestates herbarum, te quoque quanti
Circumstent casus, paucis (adverte) docebo.
Præcipue, seu raptat amor te simplicis herbæ,[2]
Seu potius tenui Musam meditaris avena,
Procuratorem fugito, nam ferreus idem est.

[1] *tunicâ pendente:* h.e. "suspensâ e brachio." Quod procuratoribus illis valde, ut ferunt, displicebat. Dicunt vero morem a barbaris tractum, urbem Bosporiam in fl. Iside habitantibus. *Bacciferas tabernas:* id q. nostri vocant "tobacco-shops."

[2] *herbæ—avenâ.* Duo quasi genera artis poeta videtur distinguere. "Weed," "pipe," recte Scaliger.

Vita semiboves catulos, redimicula vita
Candida: de cœlo descendit σῶζε σεαυτόν.
Nube vaporis item conspergere præter euntes
Jura vetant, notumque furens quid femina possit:
Odit enim dulces succos anus, odit odorem;
Odit Lethæi diffusa volumina fumi.

Mille modis reliqui fugiuntque feruntque laborem.
Hic vir ad Eleos, pedibus talaria gestans,
Fervidus it latices, et nil acquirit eundo:[1]
Ille petit virides (sed non e gramine) mensas,
Pollicitus meliora patri, tormentaque[2] flexus
Per labyrintheos plus quam mortalia tentat,
Acre tuens, loculisque pilas immittit et aufert.

Sunt alii, quos frigus aquæ, tenuisque phaselus
Captat, et æquali surgentes ordine remi.
His edura cutis, nec ligno rasile tergum;

[1] *nil acquirit eundo.* Aqua enim aspera, et radentibus parum habilis. Immersum hic aliquem et vix aut ne vix quidem extractum refert schol.

[2] *tormenta p. q. mortalia.* Eleganter, ut solet, Peile, "unearthly cannons." (Cf. Ainsw. D. *s. v.*) Perrecondita autem est quæstio de lusubus illorum temporum, neque in Smithii Dict. Class. satis elucidata. Consule omnino Kentf. de Bill. *Loculis*, bene vertas "pockets."

Par saxi sinus: esca boves cum robore Bassi.
Tollunt in numerum fera brachia, vique feruntur
Per fluctus: sonuere viæ clamore secundo:
At piceâ de puppe fremens immane bubulcus
Invocat exitium cunctis, et verbera rapto
Stipite defessis onerat graviora caballis.
Nil humoris egent alii. Labor arva vagari.
Flectere ludus equos, et amantem devia[1] currum.
Nosco purpureas vestes, clangentia nosco
Signa tubæ, et caudas inter virgulta caninas.
Stat venator equus, tactoque ferocior armo
Surgit in arrectum, vix auditurus habenam;
Et jam prata fuga superat, jam flumina saltu.
Aspicias alios ab iniqua sepe rotari
In caput, ut scrobibus quæ sint fastigia quærant;
Eque rubis aut amne pigro trahere humida crura,
Et fœdam faciem, defloccatumque galerum.
Sanctius his animal, cui quadravisse rotundum[2]

[1] *amantem devia.* Quorsum hoc, quærunt Interpretes. Suspicor equidem respiciendos, vv. 19—23, de procuratoribus.

[2] *quadr. rot^m.—Cami ard. im^o.* Quadrando enim rotundum (Ang. "squaring the circle") Camum accendere, juvenes

Musæ suadet amor, Camique ardentis imago,
Inspicat calamos contracta fronte malignos,
Perque Mathematicum pelagus, loca turbida, anhelat.
Circum dirus "Hymers," nec pondus inutile, "Lignum,"
"Salmoque," et pueris tu detestate, "Colenso,"
Horribiles visu formæ; livente notatæ
Ungue omnes, omnes insignes aure canina.[1]
Fervet opus; tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus
Tutorum; "pulchrumque mori," dixere, "legendo."
Nec vero juvenes facere omnes omnia possunt.
Atque unum memini ipse, deus qui dictus amicis,
Et multum referens de rixatore[2] secundo,
Nocte terens ulnas ac scrinia, solus in alto
Degebat tripode; arcta viro vilisque supellex;
Et sic torva tuens, pedibus per mutua nexis,
Sedit, lacte mero mentem mulcente tenellam.
Et fors ad summos tandem venisset honores;

ingenui semper nitebantur. Fecisse vero quemquam non liquet.

[1] *aure caninâ.* Iterum audi Peile, "dog's-eared."

[2] *rixatore.* non male Heins. cum Aldinâ, "wrangler."

Sed rapidi juvenes, queis gratior usus equorum,
Subveniunt, siccoque vetant inolescere libro.
Improbus hos Lector pueros, mentumque virili
Lævius, et duræ gravat inclementia Mortis:[1]
Suetos (agmen iners), alienâ vivere quadrâ,[2]
Et lituo vexare viros, calcare caballos.
Tales mane novo sæpe admiramur euntes
Torquibus in rigidis et pelle Libystidis ursæ;
Admiramur opus[3] tunicæ, vestemque[4] sororem
Iridis, et crurum non enarrabile tegmen.
Hos inter comites implebat pocula sorbis
Infelix puer, et sese recreabat ad ignem,

[1] *Mortis.* Verbum generali fere sensu dictum inveni. Suspicor autem poetam virum quendam innuisse, qui currus, caballos, id genus omne, mercede non minimâ locaret.

[2] *alienâ quadrâ.* Sunt qui de pileis Academicis accipiunt. Rapidiores enim suas fere amittebant. Sed judicet sibi lector.

[3] *opus tunicæ*, "shirt-work." Alii *opes*. Perperam.

[4] *vestem.* Nota proprietatem verbi. "Vest," enim apud politos id. q. vulgo "waistcoat" appellatur. Quod et feminæ usurpabant, ut hodiernæ, fibula revinctum, teste Virgilio:

"crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem."

"Evoe, [1]Basse," fremens: dum velox præterit ætas;
Venit summa dies; et Junior Optimus exit.
Saucius at juvenis nota intra tecta refugit,
Horrendum ridens, lucemque miserrimus odit:
Informem famulus laqueum pendentiaque ossa
Mane videt, refugitque feri meminisse magistri.
Di nobis meliora! Modum re servat in omni
Qui sapit: haud illum semper recubare sub umbra,
Haud semper madidis juvat impallescere chartis.
Nos numerus sumus, et libros consumere nati;
Sed requies sit rebus; amant alterna Camenæ.
Nocte dieque legas, cum tertius advenit annus:
Tum libros cape; claude fores, et prandia defer.
Quartus venit: ini,[2] rebus jam rite paratis,
Exultans, et coge gradum conferre magistros.
His animadversis, fugies immane Barathrum.
His, operose puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu rixator eris. Saltem non crebra revises

[1] *Basse.* cft. Interpretes illud Horatianum, "Bassum Threicià vincat amystide." Non perspexere viri docti alterum hic alludi, Anglicanæ originis, neque illum, ut perhibent, a potu aversum.

[2] *Ini.* Sic nostri, "Go in and win." *rebus*, "subjects."

Ad stabulum,[1] et tota mœrens carpere juventa;
Classe nec amisso nil profectura dolentem
Tradet ludibriis te plena leporis HIRUDO.[2]

[1] *crebra r. a. stabulum.* "Turn up year after year at the old diggings, (*i.e.* the Senate House,) and be plucked," etc. Peile. Quo quid jejunius?

[2] Classe—Hirudo. Obscurior allusio ad picturam quandam (in collectione viri, vel plusquam viri, Punchii repositam,) in qua juvenis custodem stationis mœrens alloquitur.

FLY LEAVES.

MORNING.

'TIS the hour when white-horsed Day
Chases Night her mares away;
When the Gates of Dawn (they say)
Phœbus opes:
And I gather that the Queen
May be uniformly seen,
Should the weather be serene,
On the slopes.

When the ploughman, as he goes
Leathern-gaitered o'er the snows,
From his hat and from his nose
Knocks the ice;
And the panes are frosted o'er,
And the lawn is crisp and hoar,

As has been observed before
Once or twice.

When arrayed in breastplate red
Sings the robin, for his bread,
On the elmtree that hath shed
Every leaf;
While, within, the frost benumbs
The still sleepy schoolboy's thumbs,
And in consequence his sums
Come to grief.

But when breakfast-time hath come,
And he's crunching crust and crumb,
He'll no longer look a glum
Little dunce;
But be brisk as bees that settle
On a summer rose's petal:
Wherefore, Polly, put the kettle
On at once.

EVENING.

KATE! if e'er thy light foot lingers
On the lawn, when up the fells
Steals the Dark, and fairy fingers
Close unseen the pimpernels:
When, his thighs with sweetness laden,
From the meadow comes the bee,
And the lover and the maiden
Stand beneath the trysting tree:—

Lingers on, till stars unnumber'd
Tremble in the breeze-swept tarn,
And the bat that all day slumber'd
Flits about the lonely barn;
And the shapes that shrink from garish
Noon are peopling cairn and lea;

And thy sire is almost bearish
If kept waiting for his tea:—

And the screech-owl scares the peasant
As he skirts some churchyard drear;
And the goblins whisper pleasant
Tales in Miss Rossetti's ear;
Importuning her in strangest,
Sweetest tones to buy their fruits:—
O be careful that thou changest,
On returning home, thy boots.

SHELTER.

BY the wide lake's margin I mark'd her lie—
The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
A young fair thing, with a shy, soft eye;
And I deem'd that her thoughts had flown
To her home, and her brethren, and sisters dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere,
All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet?
Where hide till the storm pass by?
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
She cast behind her; she gave one spring;
And there follow'd a splash and a broadening ring
On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men!
Yet scarce did I mourn for that;
For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
And, the danger past, would appear again,
For she was a water-rat.

IN THE GLOAMING.

IN the Gloaming to be roaming, where the crested
waves are foaming,
And the shy mermaidens combing locks that
ripple to their feet;
When the Gloaming is, I never made the ghost of
an endeavour
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it
would be sweet.

"To their feet," I say, for Leech's sketch indis-
putably teaches
That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in
ugly tails,
Nor have homes among the corals; but are shod
with neat balmorals,

An arrangement no one quarrels with, as many might with scales.

Sweet to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course with some young lady,
Lalage, Neæra, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary Ann:
Love, you dear delusive dream, you! Very sweet your victims deem you,
When, heard only by the seamew, they talk all the stuff one can.

Sweet to haste, a licensed lover, to Miss Pinkerton the glover,
Having managed to discover what is dear Neæra's "size":
P'raps to touch that wrist so slender, as your tiny gift you tender,
And to read you're no offender, in those laughing hazel eyes.

Then to hear her call you "Harry," when she makes you fetch and carry—

O young men about to marry, what a blessed thing it is!
To be photograph'd—together—cased in pretty Russia leather—
Hear her gravely doubting whether they have spoilt your honest phiz!

Then to bring your plighted fair one first a ring —a rich and rare one—
Next a bracelet, if she'll wear one, and a heap of things beside;
And serenely bending o'er her, to inquire if it would bore her
To say when her own adorer may aspire to call her bride!

Then, the days of courtship over, with your WIFE to start for Dover
Or Dieppe—and live in clover evermore, what-e'er befalls:
For I've read in many a novel that, unless they've souls that grovel,
Folks *prefer* in fact a hovel to your dreary marble halls:

To sit, happy married lovers; Phillis trifling with
a plover's
Egg, while Corydon uncovers with a grace the
Sally Lunn,
Or dissects the lucky pheasant—that, I think, were
passing pleasant;
As I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of a
Dun.

THE PALACE.

THEY come, they come, with fife and drum,
And gleaming pikes and glancing banners:
Though the eyes flash, the lips are dumb;
To talk in rank would not be manners.
Onward they stride, as Britons can;
The ladies following in the Van.

Who, who be these that tramp in threes
Through sumptuous Piccadilly, through
The roaring Strand, and stand at ease
At last 'neath shadowy Waterloo?
Some gallant Guild, I ween, are they;
Taking their annual holiday.

To catch the destin'd train—to pay
Their willing fares, and plunge within it—
Is, as in old Romaunt they say,
With them the work of half-a-minute.
Then off they're whirl'd, with songs and shouting,
To cedared Sydenham for their outing.

I mark'd them light, with faces bright
As pansies or a new coin'd florin,
And up the sunless stair take flight,
Close-pack'd as rabbits in a warren.
Honour the Brave, who in that stress
Still trod not upon Beauty's dress!

Kerchief in hand I saw them stand;
In every kerchief lurk'd a lunch;
When they unfurl'd them, it was grand
To watch bronzed men and maidens crunch
The sounding celery-stick, or ram
The knife into the blushing ham.

Dash'd the bold fork through pies of pork;
O'er hard-boil'd eggs the saltspoon shook;

Leapt from its lair the playful cork :
Yet some there were, to whom the brook
Seem'd sweetest beverage, and for meat
They chose the red root of the beet.

Then many a song, some rather long,
Came quivering up from girlish throats ;
And one young man he came out strong,
And gave "The Wolf" without his notes.
While they who knew not song or ballad
Still munch'd, approvingly, their salad.

But ah ! what bard could sing how hard,
The artless banquet o'er, they ran
Down the soft slope with daisies starr'd
And kingcups ! onward, maid with man,
They flew, to scale the breezy swing,
Or court frank kisses in the ring.

Such are the sylvan scenes that thrill
This heart ! The lawns, the happy shade,
Where matrons, whom the sunbeams grill,
Stir with slow spoon their lemonade ;

And maidens flirt (no extra charge)
In comfort at the fountain's marge!

Others may praise the "grand displays"
Where "fiery arch," "cascade," and "comet,"
Set the whole garden in a "blaze"!
Far, at such times, may I be from it;
Though then the public may be "lost
In wonder" at a trifling cost.

Fann'd by the breeze, to puff at ease
My faithful pipe is all I crave:
And if folks rave about the "trees
Lit up by fireworks," let them rave.
Your monster fêtes, I like not these;
Though they bring grist to the lessees.

PEACE.

A STUDY.

HE stood, a worn-out City clerk—
Who'd toil'd, and seen no holiday,
For forty years from dawn to dark—
Alone beside Caermarthen Bay.

He felt the salt spray on his lips;
Heard children's voices on the sands;
Up the sun's path he saw the ships
Sail on and on to other lands;

And laugh'd aloud. Each sight and sound
To him was joy too deep for tears;
He sat him on the beach, and bound
A blue bandana round his ears

And thought how, posted near his door,
His own green door on Camden Hill,
Two bands at least, most likely more,
Were mingling at their own sweet will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought
He laugh'd again, and softly drew
That Morning Herald that he'd bought
Forth from his breast, and read it through.

THE ARAB.

ON, on, my brown Arab, away, away!
Thou hast trotted o'er many a mile to-day,
And I trow right meagre hath been thy fare
Since they roused thee at dawn from thy straw-piled lair,
To tread with those echoless unshod feet
Yon weltering flats in the noontide heat,
Where no palmtree proffers a kindly shade
And the eye never rests on a cool grass blade;
And lank is thy flank, and thy frequent cough
Oh! it goes to my heart—but away, friend, off!

And yet, ah! what sculptor who saw thee stand,
As thou standest now, on thy Native Strand,
With the wild wind ruffling thine uncomb'd hair,
And thy nostril upturn'd to the od'rous air,

Would not woo thee to pause till his skill might
trace
At leisure the lines of that eager face ;
The collarless neck and the coal-black paws
And the bit grasp'd tight in the massive jaws ;
The delicate curve of the legs, that seem
Too slight for their burden—and, O, the gleam
Of that eye, so sombre and yet so gay !
Still away, my lithe Arab, once more away !

Nay, tempt me not, Arab, again to stay ;
Since I crave neither Echo nor Fun to-day.
For thy *hand* is not Echoless—there they are—
Fun, Glowworm, and Echo, and Evening Star :
And thou hintest withal that thou fain would'st
shine,
As I con them, these bulgy old boots of mine.
But I shrink from thee, Arab ! Thou eat'st eel-pie,
Thou evermore hast at least one black eye ;
There is brass on thy brow, and thy swarthy hues
Are due not to nature but handling shoes ;
And the bit in thy mouth, I regret to see,
Is a bit of tobacco-pipe—Flee, child, flee !

LINES ON HEARING THE ORGAN.

GRINDER, who serenely grindest
At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
Till thou ultimately findest
Pence in thy unwashen palm :

Grinder, jocund-hearted Grinder,
Near whom Barbary's nimble son,
Poised with skill upon his hinder
Paws, accepts the proffered bun :

Dearly do I love thy grinding ;
Joy to meet thee on thy road
Where thou prowlest through the blinding
Dust with that stupendous load,

'Neath the baleful star of Sirius,
When the postmen slowlier jog,
And the ox becomes delirious,
And the muzzle decks the dog.

Tell me by what art thou bindest
On thy feet those ancient shoon:
Tell me, Grinder, if thou grindest
Always, always out of tune.

Tell me if, as thou art buckling
On thy straps with eager claws,
Thou forecastest, inly chuckling,
All the rage that thou wilt cause.

Tell me if at all thou mindest
When folks flee, as if on wings,
From thee as at ease thou grindest:
Tell me fifty thousand things.

Grinder, gentle-hearted Grinder!
Ruffians who lead evil lives,
Soothed by thy sweet strains, are kinder
To their bullocks and their wives:

Children, when they see thy supple
Form approach, are out like shots;
Half-a-bar sets several couple
Waltzing in convenient spots;

Not with clumsy Jacks or Georges:
Unprofaned by grasp of man
Maidens speed those simple orgies,
Betsey Jane with Betsey Ann.

As they love thee in St. Giles's
Thou art loved in Grosvenor Square:
None of those engaging smiles is
Unreciprocated there.

Often, ere yet thou hast hammer'd
Through thy four delicious airs,
Coins are flung thee by enamour'd
Housemaids upon area stairs:

E'en the ambrosial-whisker'd flunkey
Eyes thy boots and thine unkempt
Beard and melancholy monkey
More in pity than contempt.

Far from England, in the sunny
South, where Anio leaps in foam,
Thou wast rear'd, till lack of money
Drew thee from thy vineclad home:

And thy mate, the sinewy Jocko,
From Brazil or Afric came,
Land of simoom and sirocco—
And he seems extremely tame.

There he quaff'd the undefilèd
Spring, or hung with apelike glee,
By his teeth or tail or eyelid,
To the slippery mango-tree:

There he woo'd and won a dusky
Bride, of instincts like his own;
Talk'd of love till he was husky
In a tongue to us unknown:

Side by side 'twas theirs to ravage
The potato ground, or cut
Down the unsuspecting savage
With the well-aim'd cocoa-nut:—

Till the miscreant Stranger tore him
Screaming from his blue-faced fair;
And they flung strange raiment o'er him,
Raiment which he could not bear:

Sever'd from the pure embraces
Of his children and his spouse,
He must ride fantastic races
Mounted on reluctant sows:

But the heart of wistful Jocko
Still was with his ancient flame
In the nutgroves of Morocco;
Or if not it's all the same.

Grinder, winsome grinsome Grinder!
They who see thee and whose soul
Melts not at thy charms, are blinder
Than a trebly-bandaged mole:

They to whom thy curt (yet clever)
Talk, thy music and thine ape,
Seem not to be joys for ever,
Are but brutes in human shape.

'Tis not that thy mien is stately,
'Tis not that thy tones are soft;
'Tis not that I care so greatly
For the same thing play'd so oft:

But I've heard mankind abuse thee;
And perhaps it's rather strange,
But I thought that I would choose thee
For encomium, as a change.

CHANGED.

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd:
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont:
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
Buoyant and blithe as other folk:
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burn'd.
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break,
Lay upon lay: I nearly learn'd
To shake

All day I sang; of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.
I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon:
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more;
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.
Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late
To shrink from happy boyhood—boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs:
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs:—
It's idle to repine, I know;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead:
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

FIRST LOVE.

O MY earliest love, who, ere I number'd
Ten sweet summers, made my bosom thrill!
Will a swallow—or a swift, or some bird—
Fly to her and say, I love her still?

Say my life's a desert drear and arid,
To its one green spot I aye recur:
Never, never—although three times married—
Have I cared a jot for aught but her.

No, mine own! though early forced to leave you,
Still my heart was there where first we met;
In those "Lodgings with an ample sea-view,"
Which were, forty years ago, "To Let."

There I saw her first, our landlord's oldest
Little daughter. On a thing so fair
Thou, O Sun,—who (so they say) beholdest
Everything,—hast gazed, I tell thee, ne'er.

There she sat—so near me, yet remoter
Than a star—a blue-eyed bashful imp:
On her lap she held a happy bloater,
'Twixt her lips a yet more happy shrimp.

And I loved her, and our troth we plighted
On the morrow by the shingly shore:
In a fortnight to be disunited
By a bitter fate for evermore.

O my own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
To be young once more, and bite my thumb
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
Give no inconsiderable sum.

Hand in hand we tramp'd the golden seaweed,
Soon as o'er the gray cliff peep'd the dawn:
Side by side, when came the hour for tea, we'd
Crunch the mottled shrimp and hairy prawn:—

Has she wedded some gigantic shrimper,
That sweet mite with whom I loved to play?
Is she girt with babes that whine and whimper,
That bright being who was always gay?

Yes—she has at least a dozen wee things!
Yes—I see her darning corduroys,
Scouring floors, and setting out the tea-things,
For a howling herd of hungry boys,

In a home that reeks of tar and sperm-oil!
But at intervals she thinks, I know,
Of those days which we, afar from turmoil,
Spent together forty years ago.

O my earliest love, still unforgotten,
With your downcast eyes of dreamy blue!
Never, somehow, could I seem to cotton
To another as I did to you!

WANDERERS.

AS o'er the hill we roam'd at will,
My dog and I together,
We mark'd a chaise, by two bright bays
Slow-moved along the heather:

Two bays arch neck'd, with tails erect
And gold upon their blinkers;
And by their side an ass I spied;
It was a travelling tinker's.

The chaise went by, nor aught cared I;
Such things are not in my way:
I turn'd me to the tinker, who
Was loafing down a by-way:

I ask'd him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged: I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."

I ask'd him if he'd take a whiff
Of 'bacco; he acceded;
He grew communicative too,
(A pipe was all he needed,)
Till of the tinker's life, I think,
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town,
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes:
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses:

"I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanced
With envy at the swallows
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows;

"But out again I come, and show
My face nor care a stiver
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I, "The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

SAD MEMORIES.

THEY tell me I am beautiful: they praise my silken hair,
My little feet that silently slip on from stair to stair:
They praise my pretty trustful face and innocent grey eye;
Fond hands caress me oftentimes, yet would that I might die!

Why was I born to be abhorr'd of man and bird and beast?
The bullfinch marks me stealing by, and straight his song hath ceased;
The shrewmouse eyes me shudderingly, then flees; and, worse than that,
The housedog he flees after me—why was I born a cat?

Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed
his native land ;
Who wags a mercenary tail and licks a tyrant hand.
The leal true cat they prize not, that if e'er com-
pell'd to roam
Still flies, when let out of the bag, precipitately
home.

They call me cruel. Do I know if mouse or song-
bird feels ?
I only know they make me light and salutary
meals :
And if, as 'tis my nature to, ere I devour I tease
'em,
Why should a low-bred gardener's boy pursue me
with a besom ?

Should china fall or chandeliers, or anything but
stocks—
Nay stocks, when they're in flowerpots—the cat
expects hard knocks :

Should ever anything be missed—milk, coals, umbrellas, brandy—
The cat's pitch'd into with a boot or any thing that's handy.

"I remember, I remember," how one night I "fleeted by,"
And gain'd the blessed tiles and gazed into the cold clear sky.
"I remember, I remember, how my little lovers came;"
And there, beneath the crescent moon, play'd many a little game.

They fought—by good St. Catharine, 'twas a fearsome sight to see
The coal-black crest, the glowering orbs, of one gigantic He.
Like bow by some tall bowman bent at Hastings or Poictiers,
His huge back curved, till none observed a vestige of his ears:

He stood, an ebon crescent, flouting that ivory
moon;
Then raised the pibroch of his race, the Song
without a Tune;
Gleam'd his white teeth, his mammoth tail waved
darkly to and fro,
As with one complex yell he burst, all claws, upon
the foe.

It thrills me now, that final Miaow—that weird
unearthly din:
Lone maidens heard it far away, and leap'd out of
their skin.
A potboy from his den o'erhead peep'd with a scared
wan face;
Then sent a random brickbat down, which knock'd
me into space.

Nine days I fell, or thereabouts: and, had we not
nine lives,
I wis I ne'er had seen again thy sausage-shop, St.
Ives!

Had I, as some cats have, nine tails, how gladly I
would lick
The hand, and person generally, of him who heaved
that brick!

For me they fill the milkbowl up, and cull the
choice sardine:
But ah! I nevermore shall be the cat I once have
been!
The memories of that fatal night they haunt me
even now:
In dreams I see that rampant He, and tremble at
that Miaow.

COMPANIONS.

A TALE OF A GRANDFATHER.

By the Author of "Dewy Memories," &c.

I KNOW not of what we ponder'd
Or made pretty pretence to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wander'd
Tow'rd the pool by the limetree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers
And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I cannot recall her figure:
Was it regal as Juno's own?
Or only a trifle bigger
Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Faëry Queen, and are seen, I ween,
By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like, I know not:
Perhaps they were blurr'd with tears;
And perhaps in your skies there glow not
(On the contrary) clearer spheres.
No! as to her eyes I am just as wise
As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly":
But which was she, brunette or blonde?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
Or as straight as a beadle's wand?
That I fail'd to remark;—it was rather dark
And shadowy round the pond.

Then the hand that reposed so snugly
In mine—was it plump or spare?
Was the countenance fair or ugly?
Nay, children, you have me there!
My eyes were p'raps blurr'd; and besides I'd heard
That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I—was I brusque and surly?
Or oppressively bland and fond?

Was I partial to rising early?
Or why did we twain abscond,
All breakfastless too, from the public view
To prowl by a misty pond?

What pass'd, what was felt or spoken—
Whether anything pass'd at all—
And whether the heart was broken
That beat under that shelt'ring shawl—
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt)—has gone,
Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor?
Or her uncle? I can't make out—
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor.
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were,
And what this is all about.

BALLAD.

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said "I die," and the goose ask'd "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—
The connexion of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

Part II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled checks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them.
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

PRECIOUS STONES.

AN INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

MY Cherrystones! I prize them,
No tongue can tell how much!
Each lady caller eyes them,
And madly longs to touch!
At eve I lift them down, I look
Upon them, and I cry;
Recalling how my Prince "partook"
(Sweet word!) of cherry-pie!

To me it was an Era
In life, that Dejeuner!
They ate, they sipp'd Madeira
Much in the usual way.

Many a soft item there would be,
No doubt, upon the carte:
But one made life a heaven to me:
It was the cherry-tart.

Lightly the spoonfuls enter'd
That mouth on which the gaze
Of ten fair girls was centred
In rapturous amaze.
Soon that august assemblage clear'd
The dish; and—as they ate—
The stones, all coyly, re-appear'd
On each illustrious plate.

And when His Royal Highness
Withdrew to take the air,
Waiving our natural shyness,
We swoop'd upon his chair.
Policemen at our garments clutch'd:
We mock'd those feeble powers;
And soon the treasures that had touch'd
Exalted lips were ours!

One large one—at the moment
It seem'd almost divine—
Was got by that Miss Beaumont:
And three, O three, are mine!
Yes! the three stones that rest beneath
Glass, on that plain deal shelf,
Stranger, once dallied with the teeth
Of Royalty itself.

Let Parliament abolish
Churches and States and Thrones
With reverent hand I'll polish
Still, still my Cherrystones!
A clod—a piece of orange-peel—
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a Princely heel,
How beautiful they are!

Years since, I climb'd Saint Michael
His Mount:—you'll all go there
Of course, and those who like'll
Sit in Saint Michael's Chair:

For there I saw, within a frame,
The pen—O heavens! the pen—
With which a Duke had signed his name,
And other gentlemen.

"Great among geese," I faltered,
"Is she who grew that quill!"
And, Deathless Bird, unalter'd
Is mine opinion still.
Yet sometimes, as I view my three
Stones with a thoughtful brow,
I think there possibly might be
E'en greater geese than thou.

DISASTER.

'TWAS ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay:
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away!
The garden, where I used to delve
Short-frock'd, still yields me pinks in plenty:
The peartree that I climb'd at twelve
I see still blossoming, at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parroquet—
(How I did nurse him if unwell!)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye:
He'd look inimitable stuff'd,
And knows it—but he will not die!

I had a kitten—I was rich
In pets—but all too soon my kitten
Became a full-sized cat, by which
I've more than once been scratch'd and bitten.
And when for sleep her limbs she curl'd
One day beside her untouch'd plateful,
And glided calmly from the world,
I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog—a queen!
Ah Tiny, dear departing pug!
She lives, but she is past sixteen
And scarce can crawl across the rug.
I loved her beautiful and kind;
Delighted in her pert Bow-wow:
But now she snaps if you don't mind;
'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think, should e'er mishap
Betide my crumple-visaged Ti,
In shape of prowling thief, or trap,
Or coarse bull-terrier—I should die.
But ah ! disasters have their use ;
And life might e'en be too sunshiny :
Nor would I make myself a goose,
If some big dog should swallow Tiny.

CONTENTMENT.

AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.

FRIEND, there be they on whom mishap
Or never or so rarely comes,
That, when they think thereof, they snap
Derisive thumbs:

And there be they who lightly lose
Their all, yet feel no aching void;
Should aught annoy them, they refuse
To be annoy'd:

And fain would I be e'en as these!
Life is with such all beer and skittles;
They are not difficult to please
About their victuals:

The trout, the grouse, the early pea,
By such, if there, are freely taken;
If not, they munch with equal glee
Their bit of bacon:

And when they wax a little gay
And chaff the public after luncheon,
If they're confronted with a stray
Policeman's truncheon,

They gaze thereat with outstretch'd necks,
And laughter which no threats can smother,
And tell the horror-stricken X
That he's another.

In snowtime if they cross a spot
Where unsuspected boys have slid,
They fall not down—though they would not
Mind if they did:

When the spring rosebud which they wear
Breaks short and tumbles from its stem,
No thought of being angry e'er
Dawns upon them;

Though 'twas Jemima's hand that placed,
(As well you ween) at evening's hour,
In the loved button-hole that chaste
And cherish'd flower.

And when they travel, if they find
That they have left their pocket-compass
Or Murray or thick boots behind,
They raise no rumpus,

But plod serenely on without:
Knowing it's better to endure
The evil which beyond all doubt
You cannot cure.

When for that early train they're late,
They do not make their woes the text
Of sermons in the Times, but wait
On for the next;

And jump inside, and only grin
Should it appear that that dry wag,
The guard, omitted to put in
Their carpet-bag.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

ABROAD WITH HIS SON.

O WHAT harper could worthily harp it,
Mine Edward! this wide-stretching wold
(Look out *wold*) with its wonderful carpet
Of emerald, purple, and gold!
Look well at it—also look sharp, it
Is getting so cold.

The purple is heather (*erica*);
The yellow, gorse—call'd sometimes "whin."
Cruel boys on its prickles might spike a
Green beetle as if on a pin.
You may roll in it, if you would like a
Few holes in your skin.

You wouldn't? Then think of how kind you
Should be to the insects who crave
Your compassion—and then, look behind you
At yon barley-ears! Don't they look brave
As they undulate—(*undulate*, mind you,
From *unda*, *a wave*).

The noise of those sheep-bells, how faint it
Sounds here—(on account of our height)!
And this hillock itself—who could paint it,
With its changes of shadow and light?
Is it not—(never, Eddy, say "ain't it")—
A marvellous sight?

Then yon desolate eerie morasses,
The haunts of the snipe and the hern—
(I shall question the two upper classes
On *aquatiles*, when we return)—
Why, I see on them absolute masses
Of *filix* or fern.

How it interests e'en a beginner
(Or *tiro*) like dear little Ned!

Is he listening? As I am a sinner
He's asleep—he is wagging his head.
Wake up! I'll go home to my dinner,
And you to your bed.

The boundless ineffable prairie;
The splendour of mountain and lake
With their hues that seem ever to vary;
The mighty pine-forests which shake
In the wind, and in which the unwary
May tread on a snake;

And this wold with its heathery garment—
Are themes undeniably great.
But—although there is not any harm in't—
It's perhaps little good to dilate
On their charms to a dull little varmint
Of seven or eight.

ARCADES AMBO.

WHY are ye wandering aye 'twixt porch and
porch,
Thou and thy fellow—when the pale stars fade
At dawn, and when the glowworm lights her torch,
O Beadle of the Burlington Arcade?
—Who asketh why the Beautiful was made?
A wan cloud drifting o'er the waste of blue,
The thistledown that floats above the glade,
The lilac-blooms of April—fair to view,
And naught but fair are these; and such, I ween,
are you.

Yes, ye are beautiful. The young street boys
Joy in your beauty. Are ye there to bar
Their pathway to that paradise of toys,
Ribbons and rings? Who'll blame ye if ye are?

Surely no shrill and clattering crowd should
mar
The dim aisle's stillness, where in noon's midglow
Trip fair-hair'd girls to boot-shop or bazaar;
Where, at soft eve, serenely to and fro
The sweet boy-graduates walk, nor deem the
pastime slow.

And O! forgive me, Beadles, if I paid
Scant tribute to your worth, when first ye
stood
Before me robed in broadcloth and brocade
And all the nameless grace of Beadlehood!
I would not smile at ye—if smile I could
Now as erewhile, ere I had learn'd to sigh:
Ah, no! I know ye beautiful and good,
And evermore will pause as I pass by,
And gaze, and gazing think, how base a thing am I.

WAITING.

"O COME, O come," the mother pray'd
And hush'd her babe: "let me behold
Once more thy stately form array'd
Like autumn woods in green and gold!

"I see thy brethren come and go;
Thy peers in stature, and in hue
Thy rivals. Some like monarchs glow
With richest purple: some are blue

"As skies that tempt the swallow back;
Or red as, seen o'er wintry seas,
The star of storm; or barr'd with black
And yellow, like the April bees.

"Come they and go! I heed not, I.
Yet others hail their advent, cling
All trustful to their side, and fly
Safe in their gentle piloting

"To happy homes on heath or hill,
By park or river. Still I wait
And peer into the darkness: still
Thou com'st not—I am desolate.

"Hush! hark! I see a towering form!
From the dim distance slowly roll'd
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And O, its hues are green and gold:

"It comes, it comes! Ah rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us!"
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopp'd the St. John's Wood omnibus.

PLAY.

PLAY, play, while as yet it is day:
While the sweet sunlight is warm on the brae!
Hark to the lark singing lay upon lay,
While the brown squirrel eats nuts on the spray,
And in the apple-leaves chatters the jay!
Play, play, even as they!
What though the cowslips ye pluck will decay,
What though the grass will be presently hay?
What though the noise that ye make should dismay
Old Mrs. Clutterbuck over the way?
Play, play, for your locks will grow gray;
Even the marbles ye sport with are clay.

Play, ay in the crowded highway:
Was it not made for you? Yea, my lad, yea.

True that the babes you were bid to convey
Home may fall out or be stolen or stray;
True that the tip-cat you toss about may
Strike an old gentleman, cause him to sway,
Stumble, and p'raps be run o'er by a dray:
Still why delay? Play, my son, play!
Barclay and Perkins, not you, have to pay.

Play, play, your sonatas in A,
Heedless of what your next neighbour may say!
Dance and be gay as a faun or a fay,
Sing like the lad in the boat on the bay;
Sing, play—if your neighbours inveigh
Feebly against you, they're lunatics, eh?
Bang, twang, clatter and clang,
Strum, thrum, upon fiddle and drum;
Neigh, bray, simply obey
All your sweet impulses, stop not or stay!
Rattle the "bones," hit a tinbottom'd tray
Hard with the fireshovel, hammer away!
Is not your neighbour your natural prey?
Should he confound you, it's only in play.

LOVE.

CANST thou love me, lady?
I've not learn'd to woo:
Thou art on the shady
Side of sixty too.
Still I love thee dearly!
Thou hast lands and pelf:
But I love thee merely
Merely for thyself.

Wilt thou love me, fairest?
Though thou art not fair;
And I think thou wearest
Someone-else's hair.
Thou could'st love, though, dearly:
And, as I am told,

Thou art very nearly
Worth thy weight, in gold.

Dost thou love me, sweet one?
Tell me that thou dost!
Women fairly beat one,
But I think thou must.
Thou art loved so dearly:
I am plain, but then
Thou (to speak sincerely)
Art as plain again.

Love me, bashful fairy!
I've an empty purse:
And I've "moods," which vary;
Mostly for the worst.
Still, I love thee dearly:
Though I make (I feel)
Love a little queerly,
I'm as true as steel.

Love me, swear to love me
(As, you know, they do)

By yon heaven above me
And its changeless blue,
Love me, lady, dearly,
If you'll be so good;
Though I don't see clearly
On what ground you should.

Love me—ah! or love me
Not, but be my bride!
Do not simply shove me
(So to speak) aside!
P'raps it would be dearly
Purchased at the price;
But a hundred yearly
Would be very nice.

THOUGHTS AT A RAILWAY STATION.

'TIS but a box, of modest deal;
Directed to no matter where:
Yet down my cheek the teardrops steal—
Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;
For on it is this mute appeal,
"With care."

I am a stern cold man, and range
Apart: but those vague words *"With care"*
Wake yearnings in me sweet as strange:
Drawn from my moral Moated Grange,
I feel I rather like the change
Of air.

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy
Some simple English phrase—*"With care"*

Or "*This side uppermost*"—and cry
Like children? No? No more have I.
Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry
A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath
That lid so much the worse for wear?
A ring perhaps—a rosy wreath—
A photograph by Vernon Heath—
Some matron's temporary teeth
Or hair!

Perhaps some seaman, in Peru
Or Ind, hath stow'd herein a rare
Cargo of birds' eggs for his Sue;
With many a vow that he'll be true,
And many a hint that she is too,
Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry
Into the page that's folded there?

I shall be better by and by:
The porters, as I sit and sigh,
Pass and repass—I wonder why
They stare!

ON THE BRINK.

I WATCH'D her as she stoop'd to pluck
A wildflower in her hair to twine;
And wish'd that it had been my luck
To call her mine.

Anon I heard her rate with mad
Mad words her babe within its cot;
And felt particularly glad
That it had not.

I knew (such subtle brains have men)
That she was uttering what she shouldn't;
And thought that I would chide, and then
I thought I wouldn't:

Who could have gazed upon that face,
Those pouting coral lips, and chided?
A Rhadamanthus, in my place,
Had done as I did:

For ire wherewith our bosoms glow
Is chain'd there oft by Beauty's spell;
And, more than that, I did not know
The widow well.

So the harsh phrase pass'd unreproved.
Still mute—(O brothers, was it sin?)—
I drank, unutterably moved,
Her beauty in:

And to myself I murmur'd low,
As on her upturn'd face and dress
The moonlight fell, "Would she say No,
By chance, or Yes?"

She stood so calm, so like a ghost
Betwixt me and that magic moon,

That I already was almost
A finish'd coon.

But when she caught adroitly up
And soothed with smiles her little daughter;
And gave it, if I'm right, a sup
Of barley-water;

And, crooning still the strange sweet lore
Which only mothers' tongues can utter,
Snow'd with deft hand the sugar o'er
Its bread-and-butter;

And kiss'd it clingingly—(Ah, why
Don't women do these things in private?)—
I felt that if I lost her, I
Should not survive it:

And from my mouth the words nigh flew—
The past, the future, I forgat 'em:
"Oh! if you'd kiss me as you do
That thankless atom!"

But this thought came ere yet I spake,
And froze the sentence on my lips:
"They err, who marry wives that make
Those little slips."

It came like some familiar rhyme,
Some copy to my boyhood set;
And that's perhaps the reason I'm
Unmarried yet.

Would she have own'd how pleased she was,
And told her love with widow's pride?
I never found out that, because
I never tried.

Be kind to babes and beasts and birds:
Hearts may be hard, though lips are coral;
And angry words are angry words:
And that's the moral.

"FOREVER."

FOREVER; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deem'd it two:
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?

Forever! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair! For ever (printed so)
Did not.

It looks, ah me! how trite and tame!
It fails to sadden or appal
Or solace—it is not the same
At all.

O thou to whom it first occurr'd
To solder the disjoin'd, and dower
Thy native language with a word
Of power:

We bless thee! Whether far or near
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair
Thy kingly brow, is neither here
Nor there.

But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,
While the great pulse of England beats:
Thou coiner of a word unknown
To Keats!

And nevermore must printer do
As men did longago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Forever! passion-fraught, it throws
O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour·

It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
It's grammar.

Forever! 'Tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deem'd it two:
Nor am I confident they err'd:
Are you?

UNDER THE TREES.

"UNDER the trees!" Who but agrees
That there is magic in words such as these?
Promptly one sees shake in the breeze
Stately lime-avenues haunted of bees:
Where, looking far over buttercupp'd leas,
Lads and "fair shes" (that is Byron, and he's
An authority) lie very much at their ease;
Taking their teas, or their duck and green peas,
Or, if they prefer it, their plain bread and cheese:
Not objecting at all though it's rather a squeeze
And the glass is, I daresay, at 80 degrees.
Some get up glees, and are mad about Ries
And Sainton, and Tamberlik's thrilling high Cs;
Or if painters, hold forth upon Hunt and Maclise,
And the tone and the breadth of that landscape of
Lee's;

Or if learned, on nodes and the moon's apogees,
Or, if serious, on something of A.K.H.B.'s,
Or the latest attempt to convert the Chaldees;
Or in short about all things, from earthquakes to fleas.

Some sit in twos or (less frequently) threes,
With their innocent lambswool or book on their knees,
And talk, and enact, any nonsense you please,
As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas;
And you hear an occasional "Harry, don't tease"
From the sweetest of lips in the softest of keys,
And other remarks, which to me are Chinese.
And fast the time flees; till a ladylike sneeze,
Or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,
Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muffatees,
And announce as a fact that it's going to freeze,
And that young people ought to attend to their Ps
And their Qs, and not court every form of disease.
Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,
And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*
Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's,
And (in spite of the pleas of her lorn vis-a-vis)

Goes to wrap up her uncle—a patient of Skey's,
Who is prone to catch chills, like all old Bengalese:—
But at bedtime I trust he'll remember to grease
The bridge of his nose, and preserve his rupees
From the premature clutch of his fond legatees;
Or at least have no fees to pay any M. D.s
For the cold his niece caught, sitting under the Trees.

MOTHERHOOD.

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscann'd upon the broken wall.
Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport, long ages past,
And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,
And fenced with many a tall grassblade,
And all about bid roses bloom
And violets shed their soft perfume.
There, in its cool and quiet bed,
She set her burden down and fled:
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape

That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had mark'd her pass
Across the linden-shadow'd grass
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven:
Only the innocent birds of heaven—
The magpie, and the rook whose nest
Swings as the elmtree waves his crest—
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
And huge-limb'd hound that guards the door,
Look'd on when, as a summer wind
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
All unapparell'd, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruin'd wall,
To leave upon the chill dank earth
(For ah! she never knew its worth)
'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing!

And there it might have lain forlorn
From morn till eve, from eve to morn:
But that, by some wild impulse led,

The mother, ere she turn'd and fled,
One moment stood erect and high;
Then pour'd into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice—as she strove to range
Her rebel ringlets at her glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass;
Shook back those curls so fair to see,
Clapp'd her soft hands in childish glee,
And shriek'd—her sweet face all aglow,
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—
"My hen has laid an egg, I know;
And only hear the noise she's making!"

MYSTERY.

I KNOW not if in others' eyes
She seem'd almost divine;
But far beyond a doubt it lies
That she did not in mine.

Each common stone on which she trod
I did not deem a pearl:
Nay it is not a little odd
How I abhorr'd that girl.

We met at balls and picnics oft,
Or on a drawingroom stair;
My aunt invariably cough'd
To warn me she was there:

At croquet I was bid remark
How queenly was her pose,

As with stern glee she drew the dark
Blue ball beneath her toes,

And made the Red fly many a foot
Then calmly she would stoop,
Smiling an angel smile, to put
A partner through his hoop.

At archery I was made observe
That others aim'd more near,
But none so tenderly could curve
The elbow round the ear:

Or if we rode, perhaps she *did*
Pull sharply at the curb;
But then the way in which she slid
From horseback was superb!

She'd throw off odes, again, whose flow
And fire were more than Sapphic;
Her voice was sweet, and very low;
Her singing quite seraphic:

She *was* a seraph, lacking wings.
That much I freely own.
But, it is one of those queer things
Whose cause is all unknown—

(Such are the wasp, the household fly,
The shapes that crawl and curl
By men called centipedes)—that I
Simply abhorred that girl.

* * * *

No doubt some mystery underlies
All things which are and which are not:
And 'tis the function of the Wise
Not to expound to us what is what,

But let his consciousness play round
The matter, and at ease evolve
The problem, shallow or profound,
Which our poor wits have fail'd to solve,

Then tell us blandly we are fools;
Whereof we were aware before:

That truth they taught us at the schools,
And p'r'aps (who knows?) a little more.

—But why did we two disagree?
Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail
All I know is, we ne'er shall be
Hero and heroine of a love-tale.

FLIGHT.

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little deeming thou e'er could'st behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it for ever, my splendid
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
My hair when the notion occurred:
I know that I felt myself blushing
As I thought, "How supremely absurd!

How they'll hammer on floor and on table
As its drollery dawns on them—how
They will quote it"—I wish I were able
To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
To the subject—it's easily done—
Then let off, as an airy creation
Of the moment, that masterly pun.
Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's;
In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
Where I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,
His mode of expressing applause:
While Jean Bottleby—queenly Miss Janet—
Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
In fits at my slyness—what can it
Have all been about?

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
Combination of pathos and fun:
But I've got no idea—the faintest—
Of what was the actual pun.
I think it was somehow connected
With something I'd recently read—
Or heard—or perhaps recollected
On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard:*
"Double Bigamy;" "Speech of the Mayor."
And later—eh? yes! I meandered
Through some chapters of Vanity Fair.
How it fuses the grave with the festive!
Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine—
So playfully, subtly suggestive—
As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder?"
No, I don't part my hair with my brush.
Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!
Stop a bit—I shall think of it—hush!

There's *hare*, a wild animal—Stuff!
It was something a deal more recondite:
Of that I am certain enough;
And of nothing beyond it.

Hair—*locks!* There are probably many
Good things to be said about those.
Give me time—that's the best guess of any—
"Lock" has several meanings, one knows.
Iron locks—*iron-gray locks*—a "deadlock"—
That would set up an everyday wit:
Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock;"
But that wasn't it.

No! mine was a joke for the ages;
Full of intricate meaning and pith;
A feast for your scholars and sages—
How it would have rejoiced Sidney Smith!
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal;
And, singling him out from the herd,
Fling wide immortality's portal—
But what was the word?

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavour.
As the flight of a bird of the air
Is the flight of a joke—you will never
See the same one again, you may swear.
'Twas my firstborn, and O how I prized it!
My darling, my treasure, my own!
This brain and none other devised it—
And now it has flown.

ON THE BEACH.

LINES BY A PRIVATE TUTOR.

WHEN the young Augustus Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward
(He's the urchin I am privileged to teach),
From my left-hand waistcoat pocket
I extract a batter'd locket
And I commune with it, walking on the beach.

I had often yearn'd for something
That would love me, e'en a dumb thing;
But such happiness seem'd always out of reach:
Little boys are off like arrows
With their little spades and barrows,
When they see me bearing down upon the beach;

And although I'm rather handsome,
Tiny babes, when I would dance 'em
On my arm, set up so horrible a screech
That I pitch them to their nurses
With (I fear me) mutter'd curses,
And resume my lucubrations on the beach.

And the rabbits won't come nigh me,
And the gulls observe and fly me,
And I doubt, upon my honour, if a leech
Would stick on me as on others,
And I know if I had brothers
They would cut me when we met upon the beach.

So at last I bought this trinket
For (although I love to think it)
'Twasn't *given* me, with a pretty little speech:
No! I bought it of a pedlar,
Brown and wizen'd as a medlar,
Who was hawking odds and ends about the beach.

But I've managed, very nearly,
To believe that I was dearly
Loved by Somebody, who (blushing like a peach)

Flung it o'er me saying, "Wear it
For my sake"—and I declare, it
Seldom strikes me that I bought it on the beach.

I can see myself revealing
Unsuspected depths of feeling,
As, in tones that half upbraid and half beseech,
I aver with what delight I
Would give anything—my right eye—
For a souvenir of our stroll upon the beach.

O! that eye that never glisten'd
And that voice to which I've listen'd
But in fancy, how I dote upon them each!
How regardless what o'clock it
Is, I pore upon that locket
Which does not contain her portrait, on the beach!

As if something were inside it
I laboriously hide it,
And a rather pretty sermon you might preach
Upon Fantasy, selecting
For your "instance" the affecting
Tale of me and my proceedings on the beach.

I depict her, ah, how charming!
I portray myself alarming
Her by swearing I would "mount the deadly breach,"
Or engage in any scrimmage
For a glimpse of her sweet image,
Or her shadow, or her footprint on the beach.

And I'm ever ever seeing
My imaginary Being,
And I'd rather that my marrowbones should bleach
In the winds, than that a cruel
Fate should snatch from me the jewel
Which I bought for one and sixpence on the beach.

LOVERS, AND A REFLECTION.

IN moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,
I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats waver'd alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sundazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie !) and smelt for flowers :
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours :—

By rises that flush'd with their purple favours,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels ! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes :

Songbirds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds ;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds !

But they skim over bents which the millstream washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem ;

They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms:

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-wing'd sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry:"

Bowers of flowers encounter'd showers
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly:

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"
I think occurred next in his nimble strain;

And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain:

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
And all least furlable things got "furled;"
Not with any design to conceal their "glories,"
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

* * * * *

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted, or carried on "wafts" away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ah me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!

THE COCK AND THE BULL.

YOU see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already cur-tail'd cur
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—
"Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—

What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
One day (and what a roaring day it was
Go shop or sight-see—bar a spit o' rain!)
In February, eighteen sixty nine,
Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
Hm—hm—how runs the jargon? being on throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,
The basis or substratum—what you will—
Of the impending eighty thousand lines.
"Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple Hodge.
But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Mark first the rationale of the thing:
Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.
That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—
I had o' course upo' me—wi' me say—
(*Mecum*'s the Latin, make a note o' that)
When I popp'd pen i' stand, scratch'd ear, wiped snout,
(Let everybody wipe his own himself)
Sniff'd—tch!—at snuffbox; tumbled up, he-heed,

Haw-haw'd (not hee-haw'd, that's another guess thing :)
Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,
I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat ;
And *in vestibulo*, i' the lobby to-wit,
(Iacobi Facciolati's rendering, sir,)
Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes,
And so forth ; and, complete with hat and gloves,
One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
And ombrifuge (Lord love you !), case o' rain,
I flopp'd forth, 'sbuddikins ! on my own ten toes,
(I do assure you there be ten of them),
And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale
To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing ? Q. E. D.
That's proven without aid from mumping Pope,
Sleek porporate or bloated Cardinal.
(Isn't it, old Fatchaps ? You're in Euclid now.)
So, having the shilling—having i' fact a lot—
And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,
I purchased, as I think I said before,

The pebble (*lapis, lapidis, -di, -dem, -de*—
What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fatchaps,
eh?)
O' the boy, a bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun,
For one-and-fourpence. Here we are again.

Now Law steps in, bigwigg'd, voluminous-jaw'd;
Investigates and re-investigates.
Was the transaction illegal? Law shakes head.
Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.
But now (by virtue of the said exchange
And barter) *vice versa* all the coin,
Per juris operationem, vests
I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom;
(*In sæcula sæculo-o-o-orum;*
I think I hear the Abate mouth out that.)
To have and hold the same to him and them..
Confer some idiot on Conveyancing.
Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,
And all that appertaineth thereunto,
Quodcunque pertinet ad eam rem,

(I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat)
Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would or
should,
Subaudi cætera—clap we to the close—
For what's the good of law in a case o' the kind)
Is mine to all intents and purposes.
This settled, I resume the thread o' the tale.

Now for a touch o' the vendor's quality.
He says a gen'lman bought a pebble of him,
(This pebble i' sooth, sir, which I hold i' my hand)—
And paid for't, *like* a gen'lman, on the nail.
"Did I o'ercharge him a ha'penny? Devil a bit.
Fiddlepin's end! Get out, you blazing ass!
Gabble o' the goose. Don't bugaboo-baby *me!*
Go double or quits? Yah! tittup! what's the odds?"
—There's the transaction view'd i' the vendor's
light.

Next ask that dumpled hag, stood snuffling by,
With her three frowsy blowsy brats o' babes,
The scum o' the kennel, cream o' the filth-heap—
Faugh!

Aie, aie, aie, aie! ὀτοτοτοτοῖ,
('Stead which we blurt out Hoighty toighty now)—
And the baker and candlestickmaker, and Jack and
Gill,
Blear'd Goody this and queasy Gaffer that.
Ask the schoolmaster. Take schoolmaster first.

He saw a gentleman purchase of a lad
A stone, and pay for it *rite,* on the square,
And carry it off *per saltum,* jauntily,
Propria quæ maribus, gentleman's property now
(Agreeably to the law explain'd above),
In proprium usum, for his private ends.
The boy he chuck'd a brown i' the air, and bit
I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone
At a lean hen that ran cluck clucking by,
(And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door,)
Then *abiit*—what's the Ciceronian phrase?—
Excessit, evasit, erupit—off slogs boy;
Off like bird, *avi similis*—(you observed
The dative? Pretty i' the Mantuan!)—*Anglice*
Off in three flea skips. *Hactenus,* so far,
So good, *tam bene. Bene, satis, male*—,

Where was I with my trope 'bout one in a quag?
I did once hitch the syntax into verse:
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat—ay, "agrees," old Fatchaps—*cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i' point o' gender, *numero*,
O' number, *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
Instance: *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et* and,
Montes umbrantur, out flounce mountains. Pah!
Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
You see the trick on't though, and can yourself
Continue the discourse *ad libitum*.
It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at:
And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands,
Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER.

"THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB."

Cambridge, 1857.

1. Mention any occasions on which it is specified that the Fat Boy was *not* asleep; and that (1) Mr. Pickwick and (2) Mr. Weller, senr., ran. Deduce from expressions used on one occasion Mr. Pickwick's maximum of speed.

2. Translate into coherent English, adding a note wherever a word, a construction, or an allusion, requires it:

> "Go on, Jemmy—like black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs"—"Smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well—but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—punch his head—pig's whisper—pieman, too."

Elucidate the expression, "the Spanish Traveller," and the "narcotic bedstead."

3. Who were Mr. Staple, Goodwin, Mr. Brooks,

Villam, Mrs. Bunkin, "old Nobs," "cast-iron head," "young Bantam?"

4. What operation was performed on Tom Smart's chair? Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?

5. Give, approximately, the height of Mr. Dubbley; and, accurately, the Christian names of Mr. Grummer, Mrs. Raddle, and the fat Boy; also the surname of the Zephyr.

6. "Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar." Illustrate this by a reference to the facts.

7. Describe the Rebellion which had irritated Mr. Nupkins on the day of Mr. Pickwick's arrest?

8. Give in full Samuel Weller's first compliment to Mary, and his father's critique upon the same young lady. What church was on the valentine that first attracted Mr. Samuel's eye in the shop?

9. Describe the common Profeel-machine.

10. State the component parts of dog's nose; and simplify the expression "taking a grinder."

11. On finding his principal in the pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

12. "Any think for air and exercise; as the wery old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his deathbed to carry ten gen'lmen to Greenwich in a tax-cart." Illustrate this by stating any remark recorded in the Pickwick Papers to have been made by a (previously) dumb animal, with the circumstances under which he made it.

13. What kind of cigars did Mr. Ben Allen chiefly smoke, and where did he knock and take naps alternately, under the impression that it was his home?

14. What was the ordinary occupation of Mr. Sawyer's boy? whence did Mr. Allen derive the idea that there was a special destiny between Mr. S. and Arabella?

15. Describe Weller's Method of "gently indicating his presence" to the young lady in the garden; and the Form of Salutation usual among the coachmen of the period.

16. State any incidents you know in the career of Tom Martin, butcher, previous to his incarceration.

17. Give Weller's Theories for the extraction of Mr. Pickwick from the Fleet. Where was his wife's will found?

18. How did the old lady make a memorandum, and of what, at whist? Show that there were at least three times as many fiddles as harps in Muggleton at the time of the ball at Manor Farm.

19. What is a red-faced Nixon?

20. Write down the chorus to each verse of Mr. S. Weller's song, and a sketch of the mottle-faced man's excursus on it. Is there any ground for conjecturing that he (Sam) had more brothers than one?

21. How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? and is any exception recorded?

22. What seal was on Mr. Winkle's letter to his father? What penitential attitude did he assume before Mr. Pickwick?

23. "She's a swelling visibly." When did the

same phenomenon occur again, and what fluid caused the pressure on the body in the latter case?

24. How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds, and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described, when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins at the meeting? Write down the name of the meeting.

25. "Προβατογνώμων: a good judge of cattle; hence, a good judge of character." Note on Æsch. Ag.—Illustrate the theory involved by a remark of the parent Weller.

26. Give some account of the word "fanteeg," and hazard any conjecture explanatory of the expression "My Prooshan Blue," applied by Mr. Samuel to Mr. Tony Weller.

27. In developing to P. M. his views of a proposition, what assumption did Mr. Pickwick feel justified in making?

28. Deduce from a remark of Mr. Weller, junior, the price per mile of cabs at the period.

29. What do you know of the hotel next the Bull at Rochester?

30. Who, besides Mr. Pickwick, is recorded to have worn gaiters?

KEY

TO THE 'PICKWICK' EXAMINATION PAPER.

1.

See Chapters IV., VIII., XXVIII., LIV.
(1) „ IV., XXX. (twice), XXXIX.
(2) „ LVI.

2.

Two of Jingle's speeches are here quoted, the first being in Chapter III., and the second in Chapter II. For "Spanish traveller" see Chapter III., and for "narcotic bedstead" see Chapter XLI. "Go on, Jemmy," is Mr. Jingle's adjuration to the actor whom he has previously designated "Dismal Jemmy," urging the commencement of the 'Stroller's Tale.' "Like black-eyed Susan—all in the Downs" has the double application to the stroller's melancholy and the first line of Gay's song of 'Black-eyed Susan'—"All in the Downs the fleet was moored." "Handled his fives well" of course refers to the "sparring" of the cabman who wanted to fight Mr. Pickwick. "Friend in the green jemmy" refers to Mr. Winkle, who, we are told in Chapter I., "wore a new green shooting-coat," &c "Pig's whisper" is slang for a very brief space of time. Bartlett says the Americans have "pig's whistle" with the same signification.

3.

See Chapters VII., XVIII., XIX., XXII., XXVII., XXXIV., XXXVI., XLIV.

4.

See two several parts of 'The Bagman's Story' in Chapter XIV.

5.

See Chapters XXIV., XXV., XLVI., VIII., XLI.

6.

See Chapter XX.

7.

See Chapter XXIV.

8.

See Chapters XXV., LVI., XXXIII.

9.

See Chapter XXXIII.

10.

See Chapters XXXIII. and XXXI.

11.

See the end of Chapter XIX.

12.

Illustrations will be found severally in Chapters XXXIII., XXXV., XLVII.

13.

See Chapters XXX. and XXXII.

14.

See two separate passages in Chapter XXXVIII.

15.

See Chapters XXXIX. and XLIII.

16.

See Chapter XLII.

17.

See Chapters XLIII., XLV., LV.

18.

See Chapters VI. and XXVIII.

19.

See Chapter XLIII. "You've been a prophesyin' away very fine like a red-faced Nixon as the sixpenny books gives picters on." The allusion is to Robert Nixon, the Cheshire prophet. See *Notes and Queries*, first

series, vol. viii., pp. 257 and 326; and fourth series, vol. xi., pp. 171 and 265. Nixon's prophecies have been frequently published in the form of chapbooks, and were probably current at the time with a highly-coloured portrait.

20.

The first requisition may be complied with by reference to Chapter XLIII. The following is answered in Chapter X.

21.

See Chapters XLV. and LII.

22.

See Chapters L. and XLVII.

23.

See Chapters XXXIII. and XLV.

24.

The first two questions are answered in Chapters LII. and LV. The next is answered at the end of Chapter XXXIII.; where also is the information lastly required.

25.

The illustration required is in Chapter LV.

26.

See Chapters XXXVIII. and XXXIII. "*Fanteeg*,

a worry or bustle. Also, ill-humour.—*Various Dialects.*"—HALLIWELL. "Prooshan blue" probably refers to the colour of dress-coats. "Which gentleman of your party wears a bright blue dress-coat?" enquires The Boots, in 'Pickwick,' Chapter II. Thus Sam Weller's "Prooshan Blue" is a finely-dressed fellow of the Pickwick-Weller period.

27.

See Chapter XXIV.

28.

See the opening of Chapter XXII.

29.

See Chapter II.

30.

See Chapter XX.

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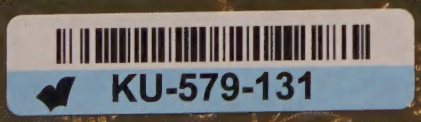
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